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THE CRY OF TO-DAY.

BY ALICE CARY.

O when shall this horrible fray be o'er,
And the stars in the dells of our flag once more
Meet and kiss? O when
Shall brother no brother seize to deal,
And no blood that is brightening battle steel
Flow back to the hearts of men!

With sound of battle thy hope was breathed—
"Like a bit in its mother's milk threat set soothed,"
My beautiful, beautiful land—
Yet take thou comfort, thou hast no lack
Of sons, till the tide of the world turn back,
Breast high, in its wave to stand.

Ay, firmly to stand in the tide of ill,
Fortuitid to freedom let come what will,
And never the prayer to cease,
That He who to God of the slave and child
May gather thy broken body again
In his arms, and give thee peace.

THE WHITE TERROR.

BY
ELIZA A. DUPUY
AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRS," "THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

Adrienne stood upon the gallery a few moments, watching the glorious red bright sunshine that found their way through the crowding branches of the trees. She smiled from one of them a long spray of the gray Spanish moss which so gracefully drapes a southern forest. After examining the frail texture of the plant, with its slender, pliant stems, and delicate fringe work, like a sprinkling of fine hair powder to which it owes its peculiar shade of gray, the young girl wove its tendrils into a wreath, and wound it in a picturesque fashion around her head.

Resolute to take a survey of the premises alone, and see what discoveries she might make, Adrienne descended the staircase leading to the lower gallery, and passed into the yard. Several trees clustered around the broad steps which led to the ground wall, and the plucked from them a bouquet of fragrant blossoms, the perfume of which she inhaled with evident pleasure, for every nerve of her sensitive frame was alive to the natural sentiment of enjoyment so cruelly smothered around us.

The birds sang undisturbed among the trees, and as Adrienne listened to their glad carols, her own soul caught from them a new impulse, and her voice burst forth in song so sweet, so full of soul, music, that the feathered warblers hushed their strains to hearken to the melody.

In spite of the uncertainty of her position, and the bad future that might lie before her, she escaped novice felt a sense of freedom and enjoyment which imparted her to sing. She slowly traversed the carriage drive, and discovered amid the rank weeds the remains of a noble fountain in the centre of what had, in days long past, been a carefully kept lawn. The basin was empty, the reservoir which had once supplied it lay bit of water, long since dry, and with a vague feeling of oppression, she stooped and lifted the broken leaf of a marble water lily, through which the stream had once murmured, while mirth and revelry in the house now so dreary and deserted.

As she lifted her head, a voice spoke suddenly beside her.

"I thought the worship of the Druids had long since passed from the earth, but I now surely see before me one of its crowned priestesses, bending above the altars at which she once worshipped."

An expression of doubt and incredulity came into the young stranger's face, and every drop of blood crowded from it, leaving her nearly as white as the marble lilies over which she had lately bent. She looked quickly around, and the pale lips succeed to stubbin:

"Where voice was that? You here, father Eustace? Who would have expected to find you in this out-of-the-way place?"

The priest, for he it was, surveyed her with an expression of severity as he said:

"As little could I have expected to find the child dedicated from her birth to the service of Heaven, in such guise as this, running about through this tangled wilderness like a heathen. Hand, how have you come hither, and why are you wearing that sacred garment? Do not confirm what it suggests, that you have abandoned the calling which would have ennobled you on earth, and to Heaven would have given you a bright place among the celestial choirs that decore christ the priests of the Most High. Why, fal girl, what have you done?"

While he thus spoke, Adrienne's self-command returned to her, and the color again crimsoned her cheek as she replied, with an expression of quiet dignity that filled the priest with amazement:

"Surely, father Eustace, the training you would have given me did not end with such a consummation as that. I have come hither to find earthly duties which have already been too long neglected. I have abjured the calling of a religious, and henceforth I intend to play my part in the world, which belongs as much to God as to the convent bells."

"Poor, simple child! I understand your allusion, and you refused to use a gift so nobly bestowed for that purpose, in the service of the church, because you, forsooth, thought it wrong! The presumption of youth is astounding! But this is no time to deal with you on that score. Tell me how you came hither, and what is your purpose in crossing the ocean to dwell in yonder ruin, long since given up to the rats, and its dilapidated master?"

"I beg that you will refer more respectfully to Mr. Lecour, for I am his grandchild, and henceforth the companion of his declining years. I have relinquished all idea of assuming the veil, and I am resolved to devote my life to him. He is my only relative, and I consider it my first duty to become the companion of his solitude, to restore to him the child he has lost, and endeavor to brighten the remaining days of his existence."

While she thus spoke, father Eustace kept his eyes fixed upon her varying countenance, and every emotion was visible upon his own dark face. He abruptly said:

"You have been hither, I suppose, to act forth your claims upon this old miser's wealth, for with nothing less of stake would any young girl bury herself in such a place as this, with such a man as Mr. Lecour."

Adrienne quickly replied:

"I have scarcely to you the intention with which I came hither. I rebelled against the confinement of the convent, and I sought a home and protection from my natural guardian, without any schemes with reference to his wealth. I hoped that I might win for myself a place in his heart, that my love for him might throw a brief gleam of sunshine upon the lonely head rapidly bowing toward the tomb."

"And now you have seen this venerable relation, what is your opinion as to your probable success?" asked the priest, with a sneer he took no pains to conceal.

"My path may be difficult, but I have not despaired of winning a place in the regard of Mr. Lecour," was the evasive reply.

"Truly you must be sanguine, Mademoiselle, for a more unwelcomed old sinner it has never been my lot to confess. If facts did not prove the contrary, I should say that his first impulse would have been to turn you from his door, when you asked for shelter beneath his roof."

Adrienne shrank from his searching glance, for she remembered that such had nearly been her fate on her arrival, and she waived the subject by saying:

"If you are surprised to find me here, father Eustace, I am not less so to meet with you in this new world. The Superior told us you had gone on a mission, but she did not reveal whither you had been sent."

He drily responded:

"I was sent hither for a purpose of great political importance, and strange as it may seem to you, the actual relationship in which the priest asserted her to stand toward himself. She said:

"Tell me—tell me how this can be. Tell me of my mother—my dead mother."

"It is a dreary tale, child, and one I do not care to dwell on. Our marriage was celebrating; her father hated me, unknown as I was to him, because a deadly feud had existed between his family and mine for several generations. I and my Estelle Lecour with all the power of my soul—the child, and left me desolate. I placed her infant child in the convent to be educated, and assumed the vows agreed that I might watch unceasingly over her. Have I not done so, Mademoiselle, until duty sent me on this errand to accomplish which, I *demand* your assistance as my right. Refuse me at your peril?"

"In this the way in which a daughter should be claimed?" said Adrienne, haughtily.

"No token of a father's love have I ever received from you, and now, you dare, this severe action with a threat."

"And one I would certainly fulfil," he coolly responded. "Obey my commands, and I release to you from your early confinement—I permit to gain a foothold in this old man's house, that you may make sure of inheriting his wealth. Is not this a sufficient bribe?"

"And what use will you make of your information, if I succeed in securing it for you?"

"Nothing that is detrimental to Mr. Lecour shall be done. I merely wish to remove from his power one of whom he may be tempted to make an unprincipled use. That person also shall have a safe and permanent asylum for the future. I pledge my word that no injury shall be done to any party concerned, but a great political wrong prevented. Speak, will you aid me?"

"Alas! I have no alternative," was the submissive reply.

Poor Adrienne felt as if a net had suddenly closed around her from which it was impossible to escape. The passionless manner in which

FATHER EUSTACE AND ADRIENNE.

this man had revealed the tie that existed between them, failed to impress her with the idea that he could exercise any power—yet how could she disprove his assertion, or escape from the necessity of obedience to his command? Her position was difficult enough before, but this added to her perplexities. Never dreaming what her decision must be, Father Eustace said:

"This is Mr. Lecour's usual day for confession—I must seek him now, but I will meet you in this spot four days hence to learn what progress you have made in your discoveries."

"I left him sleeping—had you not better refrain from disturbing him?"

"I must see him this morning. He only receives me at stated intervals, and if I fail to visit him to-day, he would refuse me admittance for another month. I shall not fail to meet you at the time and place appointed, and when you remember how much is at stake for yourself, I scarcely think you will dare to play me false. Au revoir."

Adrienne watched his receding figure like one in a dream. Her singular it seemed that she should find in this secluded spot the father confessor who had so suddenly disappeared from the convent several months before her own departure. She remembered the confidence that had followed his disappearance, and the profound silence maintained as to the cause which removed him was now partly explained—a political errand, involving the fate of an important personage. Here was food for her imagination; was this old, ruin the abode of more than one mystery? or was the phantom beside the person of whom the priest was in pursuit? Could Mr. Lecour have ever been more than a passive agent for the purpose of misleading her? And, above all, could this priest really be her own father? She shuddered at the thought, for she had good cause to remember Father Eustace; and her heart sank within her at finding him upon her path in her new home; armed, too, with parental, as well as ecclesiastical authority over her defenceless self.

It was a spring that her mother would so bitterly repudiate this newly discovered tie. She found no spring of tenderness in her nature for the father who had known her from infancy, and

"This day has brought with it a crisis in our intercourse, and I could that all the secrets of this prison house shall be laid bare before me. Where is the hapless child you spirited away from France just as friends were gathering around him? Who instigated you to remove him? and where do you keep him concealed? Impossible as fate itself, I demand the truth, and I can find means to compel you to divulge it."

The marked change in his tone and manner seemed to take Mr. Lecour by surprise, but he soon recovered his usual iron defiance, and laughed aloud as he replied:

"Ha! ha! You have the lion well in his den, but he has not yet lost all faith in the intelligence of his own teeth and claws. Why insist always on that theme? The child died years ago. He was devoured by the scrofula when he passed into my keeping. I only consented to remove him, because I would not have the throne of St. Louis destroyed by a diseased child."

"What, then, is the origin of the information sent me from France that you are actually in treaty with the ambitious Earl of Orkney to carry over the boy to him, that another *vis fuisseni* may reign over the throne of Napoleon, as Major of the Palace, rules the nation?"

"Who has abused you with such fables? The son of Louis is dead, I tell you; and if he were not, no Bourbon will ever again reign in the hearts of Frenchmen—their day is past."

"That is not certain. If they were now as true sons of the church as in the days of St. Louis, their star might again culminate."

"Curse you, but Infidel France would scarcely welcome even her sainted monarch back again on the same terms. No—I tell you, sir, on earth, He will henceforth do it through purer instruments."

The priest interrupted him.

"God does rule the earth, and his church is the delegated authority under it. Do not utter heresy in my hearing, nor God. Let us change the subject. It seems my duty to warn you of the visible failure in your health since I last saw you. Your nervous system seems to have suffered a terrible shock, for you are tremulous as a weak woman; and there is a wild, startled glance in your sunken eyes, that seems ominous of death. It is not time, brother, to think of the final arrangement of your affairs? A vast responsibility rests upon you, involving the whole estate as yours."

A cynical expression swept over the sallow face of Mr. Lecour, and he coolly replied:

"The fact of his estate is said to be just; why shall I not leave it to settle with my heirs? My wealth has brought me no friends, for the world shall I desire to transfer it to another as a burden and a curse."

"To a man or woman perhaps it might prove such; but to an organized hierarchy to which money is power, wealth can only become the means of extended good. I speak to the interest of my church, and demand of you that you shall make her your heir.

"What! Do you demand all, to the utter exclusion of my own blood?"

"Of your own there is no acknowledged scion, I believe; then why ask so irrelevant a question?"

Mr. Lecour regarded him with keen scrutiny, as he slowly asked:

"What has then become of the young girl who was found in the convent? Surely you do have told me you were confessor? Are you not aware of her history? If not, I can inform you then why should you seek to repudiate them now?"

"Mademoiselle Durand is already provided for as the daughter of Heaven," replied the priest with perfect self-possession. "Since you have given a bride to the church, it becomes also your duty to endow the sisterhood among whom she was educated, with the greater portion of your wealth."

"But if this young girl will not accept the gift? I have sounded her; if she has not already evaded the vigilance of the superior, has escaped, and appealed to the protection of friends, has become of my duty?"

"If it is," was the emphatic reply, "reclaim her from the error of her ways; send her back to the holy mother, and thereby atone for that which shall purchase immunity for her sin."

Mr. Lecour laughed harshly.

"I wish you to understand that I am no longer in the humor to make for my sins. If the girl has come to me, I think I shall retain her with me awhile."

"What? Is Mademoiselle Durand actually in this house? Have you ruined, and then converted with her?"

Address Durand is here, and I have in retention at present of fleeing her to return to the captivity of her convent. Perhaps I may be able to provide for her handsomely, if she continues to please me as well as she does since her appearance beneath my roof."

"And have you no conscientious scruples against thus tying your child to the vows of one many towards the church ?" was the stern query of the priest.

"None—I can endow her nobly; she may marry well, and the descendants of my race will escape since like myself, my vast claim name and fame in this old land."

"And have you forgotten the curse of blood that hangs over you, and your ? Can you forget has the reptile, the shedder of oceans of innocent blood, to hope that the Omnipotent will claim a blessing from Heaven? No—from the hour of her birth, the doom of destruction will be upon the sins of others; their link is upon her, and that must become the victim of your malignant and deserving of happiness she may be upon her, and you dare not put forth your hand to interfere her from it."

Mr. Lecour at length covered before the cold glance, and cutting tones of his companion's voice. He felt that he stood alone with him, all the fearful array of the past came sweeping before his mental vision. Yet he was determined not to yield the field, and he defiantly said:

"Address shall at least have the happiness in her own way. If the wrath of God smites her, it will not fall on my head. I am but endeavor to repair the injustice of the past. Such a man as I have been, will scarcely be called upon to stop then the great ruler of the world. You talk that His mercy endureth forever; and if that be so, why shall this blameless young girl to make the victim of my evil deeds?"

"Why indeed, except that it is written—I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children even unto the third and fourth generations.' There is no reply to that, for it is God's word, and we must bow with meek to it. Address is dutiful to truth. You will think better of this, brother, to be pressed by the hand, the duty that has brought me hither. Let the light shine in the deepest and darkest recesses of your sinful soul, that the sinful breath may know where to apply the cure."

As in the mocking spirit of the penitent was angry against the priestly authority, but the indomitable patience and perseverance of Father Eustace finally prevailed, the intractable nature with which he had to deal, was partially subdued, and brought into a frame to utter the confession it was the object of the visit to obtain. But in one direction Mr. Lecour was impenetrable, the secret father Eustace was most anxious to fathom was held too closely to permit a gleam of light to fall upon it.

Baffled, chagrined, and annoyed, the confessor yet gave his absolution with an expression of calm benevolence, which was intended to impose on the astute criminal, who secretly exulted in obtaining pardon for sins so dark and vile, without betraying the one that lay heaviest upon his conscience. The two parted apparently on the best of terms, though each one was silently endeavoring to circumvent the other.

As the priest descended the staircase, he muttered:

"With me that one crime outweighs all the rest, because it is the blackest of all; and I have the certainty that his hand is red with his blood, I would feel it my duty to denounce him to the bar of hearts."

Moody, stern and thoughtful, he went on his way revolving plans in his mind which were altogether worthy of his subtle and deep. Vengeance for kindred blood wantonly shed—the sacrifice of a youthful heart on the altar of the church; and the aggrandizement of that church through the wealth that should centre in its keeping, the tempting objects of his zeal. The house of Mr. Mendias were silently ignored, or thought of only with a contemptuous curl of the lip.

After his last colloquy with Adrienne, father Eustace rode away, and returned to the convent, with which nature had endowed her, the young girl wiped away her tears, and strolled down the cabin of Eudy to ascertain how she was employed before she ventured to intrude in the blood portion of the house.

The old woman was kneeling a doleful hymn, while her busy hands attended to some culinary duties, and assured that Adrienne was occupied in gaining the back entrance to the house, she quietly went to work among the vegetables. She scarcely raised his head as Adrienne passed him. Once within the door, she spot with rapid steps through the hall and ascended.

Without pausing to consider consequences, she sprung up the staircase, and paused a moment to stood in front of the door Eudy had refused to enter, and which was locked. Trembling with fear she found it was fast, but a rapid glance assured her that a key was there, and it hung within reach of her hand.

With a convulsive tremor, Adrienne removed this, and applied it to the lock. It turned easily, and the door flew open before her touch. Her heart lost audibly as she stepped upon a threshold that seemed to lead to heaven, or the highest story of the house. A few steps brought her to a small anti-chamber, filled with trunk boxes and old trunks were kept. There were articles of dress, and various other articles which Eudy that it was only a lumber room, but Adrienne felt assured that this room was in front of the house, contained the mystery of the young girl with whom she lived.

Eager and excited as she had now become, the young girl paused a few moments to listen for the sound of voices from which might indicate the approach of Eudy, for she felt a great repugnance to the thought of being detected in her present explorations.

As the time stood, a series of sounds came from the inner room which filled her with amazement and fear. A female voice conversed, was suddenly raised, and a volume of words which seemed to consist of prayers and blessings, were.

What discovery was she on the brink of making? Should she go on or retreat before she had ascertained something definite? Was the old grandfather, by invading the mystery of his daughter-in-law's chamber? She felt that it was possible to recede now, and with desperate energy she pushed open the door, and sprung into her hand upon the bolt. Cautiously undoing it, she opened a crevice sufficiently wide to enable her to scan the interior, and also to obtain a view of the singular occupant of the apartment.

The room was sumptuously fitted up, and lighted by a large window, opening to the floor. This window had been so contrived that the projecting eaves should shield it from observation without, while a tremulous light struggled through the leaves of the vine with which it was glazed, giving the effect of pale sunshine to everything it touched.

Immediately beneath this window was a platform which seemed to have been recently made, and was covered with rich tapestry. On this was placed a large chair, and on the seat and arms of France were carved, and upon the canopy which hung over it crowns and lilies.

One of the compartments of the wall was filled with a large picture representing the marriage of Louis XIV. of France to the Infanta Maria Antoinette; and the weird fancy of the painter had shown in the fleecy clouds which filled up the background of the painting; forms of heavenly beings, who, with their presence, manifested the sad tragedy of those two lives, until sad and sorrowful faces looked out from the panelled wall.

The whole scene of this room were concealed by heavy curtains of crimson damask, on which the arms of France were also embroidered, and in the deepest ground the couch bore the same insignia of royalty, and the floor was covered with rich and the chair of state.

A coarse, bloated creature, stunted in his growth, and bearing evidences of imbecility and disease in every feature, sat in the magnificent arm chair, crouched upon the seat, and played with such toys as are usually found in the hands of children. He vociferously sounded a baby's rattle with one hand, and beat a tattoo upon the arm of it made as if he had not passed beyond the age of infancy. Robes of costly material clothed his misshapen form, and a velvet cap with a gold tassel in which imitation gems glittered in the same fashion with which they had been placed on the crown worn by the Bourbon race in their day of power and glory.

After a few moments, he threw aside the rattle, and while he laughed, he exclaimed:

"Where is le marquise? My negress, my slave fails to answer the imperious summons of my chamberlain? Oh! I am hungry—I have not eaten for hours. I am famished."

The last word was wailed forth with an expression of childish impatience, and as he uttered his head toward the door, his eyes fell upon the startled countenance of Adrienne. She withdrew her features with the utmost precipitation, and sprung back into the hall, in a state of consternation. She beckoned Adrienne to come forward, as he imitated:

"Who is this pale girl? Is it a goblin? No—no—pretty, too pretty. Come here, let me touch her cheek. I touch everybody but myself, and me; how can I be sure they are real, unless I touch them? Come here, I say; nobody comes me in this house, for am I not King? Look at these, and there, and there—I am the king, I am rank;" and he pointed to the crown and the lilies which decorated the furniture.

Like one walking in a dream, Adrienne advanced and stood near enough to him to permit him to stretch forth his yellow hand and lightly touch her own. With a vivid thrill of repulsion she snatched it from the clammy contact, and shrank away, as she asked:

"Who are you, and why are you shut up here?"

"Here I not already told you," he petulantly replied. "Am I not King? I am Louis of France, and this is my hall of state. Pretty, isn't it? grand, isn t it? who has as fine things as I have? No one, I trow; for am I not King?"

"What lunacy mockery is this?" exclaimed Adrienne. "An imbecile prisoner taught to believe himself king from a grim tyranny! Again I ask, who are you, and who has placed you here amid the sham evidences of royalty that surround you?"

A sparkle of anger lit up his pale eyes, and he cried:

"You bad better go away, if you doubt my right to these things. My negress chamberlain shall teach you better. I will tell him how you have been here, and he will punish you. You shall surely tell him."

With the word he rang chamberlain, and when does he come to see you?"

"Oh, he is a good man. He comes every day with my lunch. But he is late to-day, and I am hungry—famished, I tell you."

Again that strange discordant wail echoed the apartment, but he was suddenly interrupted by a exclaim:

"There! I hear him coming at last, and I shall be free from your gloomy presence. Thank you for coming in here to insult me!"

As her intense terror, Adrienne also heard steps ascending the stairway, and her frat impulse was to fly; but an imperious gesture from him held some of the bones in the anti-room; but he *yet fainted* seemed to fathom her intention, for he said:

"You shan't run away now, for I'll tell him you were here. Since you've come in here once, you shall come again, for you're the only pretty thing I've seen since they made me king. Yes, you're young and pretty, and I like to see you here."

Summoning all her courage to her aid, Adrienne saw that it was necessary to stand her ground, and with a composure as great as it was not, let them be what they might.

The footsteps of Mr. Lecour utter s loud oath when he found the door unclosed, and he came with a rapid stride into the upper room, followed by Eudy bearing a waiter with food. White with rage, he rushed into the apartment, and his eyes, as they rested upon the embroidered with gold, and carrying in his hand the unidentified, he exclaimed:

"Sacre dieu, and wrested it thrice before he could reference to the fact that Adrienne was there. Within him. He then said:

"Pardon me, I did not know, but I am not answerable for this intrusion. This young person has committed a most unwarrantable act in forcing into the portions of the house without my permission. I will attend to her myself, and guard against such an intrusion again."

Mr. Lecour motioned Eudy to remain as reference, and she would gladly have made her escape, but the Prince interposed:

"Let her stay, my food, now she is here. I am not sorry she has come, for I am lonely sometimes day, and I will be good. I will give you no trouble, if this pretty creature may wait on me, for I am hungry. Let her stay, I say, and bring me nice cakes, but she is ugly—ugly, and I like pretty things. If I am King, I will have them, yes, it shall be so."

Mr. Lecour turned fiercely toward Adrienne, as he hastily said:

"You see what you have brought on yourself by your miserable spirit of prying. You may thank forth consequences, for I am not responsible for now you are to leave, as well as mine."

"I am willing to go, for I have done that I purpose, as long as it can be borne without degradation. But it is impossible, therefore, I will throw it aside, for I am no born serf," said the girl with spirit. "If he were, perhaps, to come hither without permission, but I do not serve that I here am a slave."

Mr. Lecour coldly replied:

"In making that assumption, you have raised a barrier to your departure from this dreary home-hold, for I let no one forth who boils the secret of this establishment."

"Who, then, is it who is mocked by a simpleminded creature, who is the object of your bonne?"

It is no mockery, but a faint shadow of that to which he was born. Adrienne, the child whose birth the Queen Mother of France, and the Infamous Simons, have filled the civilized world with their crimes, the unfortunate Louis Seventh XVII, of France is the imbecile who sits upon that throne of royalty, and who, though he is still a king in name as long as I have ought left above his head, will be a crown and a sceptre."

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ON THE SANDS.

BY MARY FORREST.

Strange I should meet thee on the desert sand!
Should look up wearily and see thy face,
With its proud record of a vanished grace,
Its brooding mist, its mysteries of dim shame!
Strange I should meet thee on the sand, bold,
Like a street picture wandered from its place
In antique hall of carved and bruised grace:
More strange the proceeds, feeble, as bent to-day
As age to eye so stood, two souls evident:
Two wayworn pilgrims suffering common toil
Across the same Sahara, seeking rest
In God's great Quest behind the veil.
Two spirits dumbly wanting Heaven's behest
To read the silence with a glad "Am Here!"

THE DEACON AND THE COBBLER.

BY STEPHANIE COSAD, JR.

These things happened before the Maine Law was written; but yet the time is not so distant but that the actors are still living, and hence I have chosen to give my characters the names of assumed names.

Ezekiel Lapstone was a cobbler, and he had the name of being an honest, hard-working man. He owned a little of his shop, though, and he owned a little shop-door by it; and he owned a few acres of land, which enabled him to keep a cow, and to raise vegetables for the use of his family. Ezekiel's manner was to be heard early and late, for the children of that neighborhood were any the odds of their stores rapidly upon the sharp gravel, and there was need of constant tapping.

And yet, notwithstanding all his hard work, Ezekiel Lapstone was very poor. His wife was obliged to forego many of the little comforts of social life, and his children went about in rags as well as children ought to be dressed. Some people said, No wonder; they hinged one on in view of the cobbler's large family; for he had six strong, healthy children; and as the eldest was only fifteen, they could do little towards helping their father earn a livelihood. And some other people said, No wonder; for they said so with another view. Close by Ezekiel's shop was the store of Adam Spindle, which was the custom in those days, a little bar was kept, in one corner, at which were displayed glasses of rum and gin and brandy. These latter people said, No wonder, because they saw Ezekiel very frequently at neighbor Nichols's bar.

And I think those latter people were right; and, better still, Ezekiel himself came to begin to think the same. It seemed kind of curious not to see the cobbler's merry face at the bar in the corner of the store; and for a while his hearty laugh and humorous song were missed by the drinkers; but like all social changes, the people soon became used to it, and finally ceased to comment upon it.

One Spring Ezekiel Lapstone's cow died. It was a sad loss, but the cobbler bore up, and set about finding another cow for a few he must have, or his family would be without milk and butter. At length he found one that suited him, and he was assured that he could have it upon the most favorable terms. A farmer, living near this village, named Deacon Tobias, had a cow to spare, and he offered to trade.

"I haven't got the money, Deacon Ezekiel; but I will pay you in boots and shoes."

Now Solomon Slade had several children, and as he had to purchase quite a number of shoes in the course of a year, he considered this offer good enough; and he told the cobbler he would trade in that way.

"But," said he, "as we don't know what may happen, it is best to make a memorandum of the one fie all parties. I will give you the cow, and you shall give me a note for the amount payable on demand. Whenever I get a pair of shoes I will endorse the price of them on the back of the note so as much money received; and thus we shall be sure; and when the note is all paid all will be right."

The cobbler could see nothing objectionable in this; so he took the cow, and, after the note, payable to Solomon Slade, or order, on demand, for twelve dollars; and he made good use of it in two years, at least, Solomon's family would take up boots and shoes enough to make it so.

And now comes another character—Deacon Seth Tobias. The Deacon was a shoe-dealer, but he had a larger shop than had Ezekiel, and he did business on a grander scale. He employed many workmen, and sent off many boxes of shoes to the city market. He had a reputation for not work much with his own hands. He laid out the work for his men, and did the trading and selling. People supposed that Deacon Tobias was very wealthy, and he went to and fro with the proud airs which his wife and children assumed.

But there was one individual who shook his head when people talked of the Deacon's wealth, and that individual was Ezekiel Lapstone.

"I don't know," the cobbler said, "I've shaved the Deacon's in his shop. If he don't stick to his business a little snugger, and leave off going quite so much to other people's houses, he'll be goin' down hill afore long."

And sure enough, in a little while Deacon Tobias failed—made a very bad failure—and many workmen lost much money through his misfortune. But when he came to settle up, the law pronounced all his possessions to be the property of his mate;" so he came forth from the crash with "honor," and the poor men who had labored for pay, were assured that they had better keep quiet.

One thing troubled Deacon Tobias more than all the rest. He knew that Ezekiel Lapstone was a prudent, well-to-do man, and that said prudence had been based upon the assumption that he—the Deacon—went too often to the little bar in the corner of neighbor Nichols's store.

Now it so happened that Ezekiel Lapstone was a member of the Deacon's church, and, as a result, was a deacon, and a very worthy member was he, too—so worthy that the idea had been whispered about in certain circles of making him a Deacon. These things were known to Mr. Tobias, and so words was he that he would not speak roughly. He declared that he would "bring the cobbler to the stool of repentance," and to that end he set his wits at work to discover how he could best accomplish his purpose. He learned that Solomon Slade held Lapstone's note for twelve dollars, and a convenient opportunity he approached Slade, and offered to buy the note. It chanced that the farmer was in need of a little money at the time, and, without stopping to consider that his consequences might be, he let the note go. Deacon Tobias now chuckled with satisfaction, for he fancied that he had the poor cobbler within his power. He had thought of suing the note, and getting an execution against Ezekiel, for he did not believe that the cobbler would raise the money to pay it. But, ere he had entered upon the execution of this plan, a better opportunity for revenge presented itself.

Of course, before suing the note, it became necessary that payment should be demanded; so the deacon called upon the cobbler for that purpose. Lapstone was astounded when he found that Tobias held that note; but he did not wish to have many words with the deacon, for he knew at once what it all meant.

"I agreed to pay that note in shoes," he said; "and I will do so."

"I don't want shoes," replied Tobias. "I want the money."

"But I can't pay the money. I never agreed to do so."

"Certainly you agreed to pay money, Mr. Lapstone."

"No, sir."

"But here it is, in black and white—*For value received I promise to pay* Solomon Slade, *or order, twelve dollars on demand.* There is nothing said about shoes."

"You know what I mean, Mr. Tobias. I mean that note was the express agreement," said the Mr. Shade."

"Ah—I don't know anything about that. I have come into possession of the note, and I must have the money."

"But I haven't got the money."

"You can raise it."

"No—I can't do it."

"Then let me have part of it."

"I haven't got a cent, not even a cent. The last penny I owned I paid for most this morning."

"Perhaps you can pay it this week ?"

"No!"

"In two weeks, then ?"

"No, sir. I don't have my money in that time—not more'n enough to keep my family in food."

"Very well," said Deacon Tobias; "we'll see what is the next thing to be done." And as he then spoke he turned and left the shop. Several people were present to hear the conversation, and though they sympathized with the poor cobbler, yet they feared that he would have to pay the note.

This was on Monday. On the following Wednesday Ezekiel Lapstone was busy at his dress for his wife, and new clothes for each of his children. The latter group sat about the large new stove, and paid for them, in cash, nearly twenty dollars. When Deacon Tobias heard of this he was "on his legs" in a moment. Here was an opportunity to come down upon the cobbler with a vengeance.

"The man did lie to me," he said, in relating the circumstance to his friends. "He swore that he had but a cent of money in the world; and he declared that he should not have a penny to pay the note with, and all the time he has been doing! A man who will cheat in that way must be looked after."

Deacon Tobias resolved to present the matter to the church. He knew that the cobbler had been talked of by those who had been put forward as a candidate for deacon, and he thought he could make a strong point by bringing forward his friends. He felt sure that he had a good cause. He knew that Lapstone had obtained money, and certainly hold against the cobbler.

On the following day Tobias made his complaint, and Ezekiel Lapstone was summoned before the church to answer to the charge. It was held on Saturday evening, in the large vestry, and Ezekiel was told that he was expected and obliged to stand. It was plain to be seen that the most serious time was in the air. Deacon Tobias, but then, if he had been guilty of the things charged against him, he must fall.

The meeting was finally called to order, and after some unimportant business, Deacon Tobias rose, and Brother Ezekiel Lapstone was called up to answer to the charges preferred against him by Deacon Tobias. The charge was read, and it sounded very bad indeed. It was full of "whereas," up with legal precision, and the crime was set forth in the most glowing colors.

What had Brother Lapstone to say?

"Brothering and elders," said the cobbler, rising in his place, "I can't say as I see the whole drift o' that ere document, but I ken tell ye, in what I reckon it means. It means, as Deacon Tobias comes to me to git me to pay a note, as he 'lows I owe him. Now, I don't deny the note, and I shouldn't have say for two weeks."

"That is not all, Brother Lapstone," mildly suggested the president. "The charge furthermore specifies that you have many times declared you paid nearly fifty dollars in cash for dry goods and finery for your wife and daughters."

"Sartin," responded Ezekiel, "I understand all that. But in the first place, I never declared about that ere note 'at aint exactly the thing. I gin that note to Brother Slade, and we both on us to work."

The president reminded Brother Lapstone that that had nothing to do with the question. The only question properly before them was, Had he made the statements? and were the statements in order to avoid paying the note?

"Why," said the cobbler, "I told the truth, 'at there ever money wasn't mine—not a penny on't."

Brother Lapstone had the floor.

Ezekiel worked his head well into the open space before the president's chair, and spoke as follows:

"Mister President—Brothering and Sisters—I think I know more about this case than is reased as them ere charges says I am. In course I owe Deacon Tobias for the cow, and I'm not a-goin' to tell a lie about it. Says I, 'the Deacon 'll gin me a little time for good pay.'

At this point Deacon Tobias arose to call the brother to order; and Brother Lapstone was cautioned not to be personal.

"As I was a sayin'," pursued the cobbler, "I told my wife I was goin' to turn over a new leaf, and this was my plan: I meant to pay my debts as fast as I could, and save the money for my family 'at I'd been in the habit o' spendin' for rum. Says I to my wife, 'Betsey,' says I, 'I'll put the money into a box, and it shan't be opened for two years; and when it is opened, it shall be yourn and the children's. You shall have it to do with as you please.' Betsey says, 'I'll put it in, trembled, for she didn't b'lieve I'd do it; but I told her I would gin it to her, and I did. Says I, 'Betsy, I'll fix it so: Every time I see Deacon Tobias gin me a penny, I'll put three cents in to the box,—I will, sartin.' And, Brothering and Sisters, I did it. I put in a penny when the deacon took his drums, and when he paid his shoemaker for work. And how much do you 'spose box for my babies. But mind ye, I spent more money to that I'd ever spent in my life. Lord bless ye, when I was in the habit o' drinkin' I didn't have so much money as when I couldn't, I begun to keep up with the deacon; but, ye see, when I kept sober, and worked all the time, I was able to put by them little sums of good money without much trouble.

"Wal, so I was a sayin', I stuck to my promise, an' last Thursday the year was up, and we opened the box. An' how much do you 'spose we had? I'll tell ye: We had a few cents over *seventy-five dollars!*

"Impossible," uttered Deacon Tobias. "That figure is entirely beyond reason."

"Let's jest look at it a moment," said the cobbler, in a business-like way. "I wouldn't a' b'lieved it at first, but it's all jest so. Now see: For the first year Deacon Tobias drinked four times a day at my shop—four times a day, and I went into my box three cents for each dram. That, you know, is twelve cents a week; and there's fifty seven dollars. The second year he drinked a few cents less—he didn't 'ad t couldn't keep up with him,—so I only put by the old sum. Ye see, my shop is right side of neighbor Nichols's store, and as I set on my bench, at my work, I know right when he comes in, for I can't help a secret what's a goin' on there.

"Wal, so the second year I went into the box, and I found I put in just as much as the first year. Then, you see, I got a little more into the way of it, and I put in four cents a day for the third year, and that's fifty-six dollars more. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in five cents a day for the fourth year, and that's seventy dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in six cents a day for the fifth year, and that's eighty-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in seven cents a day for the sixth year, and that's ninety-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in eight cents a day for the seventh year, and that's one hundred and twelve dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in nine cents a day for the eighth year, and that's one hundred and twenty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in ten cents a day for the ninth year, and that's one hundred and forty dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in eleven cents a day for the tenth year, and that's one hundred and fifty-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in twelve cents a day for the eleventh year, and that's one hundred and sixty-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in thirteen cents a day for the twelfth year, and that's one hundred and eighty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in fourteen cents a day for the thirteenth year, and that's one hundred and ninety-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in fifteen cents a day for the fourteenth year, and that's two hundred and ten dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in sixteen cents a day for the fifteenth year, and that's two hundred and twenty-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in seventeen cents a day for the sixteenth year, and that's two hundred and thirty-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in eighteen cents a day for the seventeenth year, and that's two hundred and fifty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in nineteen cents a day for the eighteenth year, and that's two hundred and sixty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in twenty cents a day for the nineteenth year, and that's two hundred and eighty dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in twenty-one cents a day for the twentieth year, and that's two hundred and ninety-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in twenty-two cents a day for the twenty-first year, and that's three hundred and eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in twenty-three cents a day for the twenty-second year, and that's three hundred and twenty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in twenty-four cents a day for the twenty-third year, and that's three hundred and thirty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in twenty-five cents a day for the twenty-fourth year, and that's three hundred and fifty dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in twenty-six cents a day for the twenty-fifth year, and that's three hundred and sixty-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in twenty-seven cents a day for the twenty-sixth year, and that's three hundred and seventy-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in twenty-eight cents a day for the twenty-seventh year, and that's three hundred and ninety-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in twenty-nine cents a day for the twenty-eighth year, and that's four hundred and six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in thirty cents a day for the twenty-ninth year, and that's four hundred and twenty dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in thirty-one cents a day for the thirtieth year, and that's four hundred and thirty-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in thirty-two cents a day for the thirty-first year, and that's four hundred and forty-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in thirty-three cents a day for the thirty-second year, and that's four hundred and sixty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in thirty-four cents a day for the thirty-third year, and that's four hundred and seventy-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in thirty-five cents a day for the thirty-fourth year, and that's four hundred and ninety dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in thirty-six cents a day for the thirty-fifth year, and that's five hundred and four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in thirty-seven cents a day for the thirty-sixth year, and that's five hundred and eighteen dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in thirty-eight cents a day for the thirty-seventh year, and that's five hundred and thirty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in thirty-nine cents a day for the thirty-eighth year, and that's five hundred and forty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in forty cents a day for the thirty-ninth year, and that's five hundred and sixty dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in forty-one cents a day for the fortieth year, and that's five hundred and seventy-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in forty-two cents a day for the forty-first year, and that's five hundred and eighty-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in forty-three cents a day for the forty-second year, and that's six hundred and two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in forty-four cents a day for the forty-third year, and that's six hundred and sixteen dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in forty-five cents a day for the forty-fourth year, and that's six hundred and thirty dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in forty-six cents a day for the forty-fifth year, and that's six hundred and forty-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in forty-seven cents a day for the forty-sixth year, and that's six hundred and fifty-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in forty-eight cents a day for the forty-seventh year, and that's six hundred and seventy-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in forty-nine cents a day for the forty-eighth year, and that's six hundred and eighty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in fifty cents a day for the forty-ninth year, and that's seven hundred dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in fifty-one cents a day for the fiftieth year, and that's seven hundred and fourteen dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in fifty-two cents a day for the fifty-first year, and that's seven hundred and twenty-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in fifty-three cents a day for the fifty-second year, and that's seven hundred and forty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in fifty-four cents a day for the fifty-third year, and that's seven hundred and fifty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in fifty-five cents a day for the fifty-fourth year, and that's seven hundred and seventy dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in fifty-six cents a day for the fifty-fifth year, and that's seven hundred and eighty-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in fifty-seven cents a day for the fifty-sixth year, and that's seven hundred and ninety-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in fifty-eight cents a day for the fifty-seventh year, and that's eight hundred and two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in fifty-nine cents a day for the fifty-eighth year, and that's eight hundred and sixteen dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in sixty cents a day for the fifty-ninth year, and that's eight hundred and thirty dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in sixty-one cents a day for the sixtieth year, and that's eight hundred and forty-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in sixty-two cents a day for the sixty-first year, and that's eight hundred and fifty-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in sixty-three cents a day for the sixty-second year, and that's eight hundred and seventy-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in sixty-four cents a day for the sixty-third year, and that's eight hundred and eighty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in sixty-five cents a day for the sixty-fourth year, and that's nine hundred dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in sixty-six cents a day for the sixty-fifth year, and that's nine hundred and fourteen dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in sixty-seven cents a day for the sixty-sixth year, and that's nine hundred and twenty-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in sixty-eight cents a day for the sixty-seventh year, and that's nine hundred and forty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in sixty-nine cents a day for the sixty-eighth year, and that's nine hundred and fifty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in seventy cents a day for the sixty-ninth year, and that's nine hundred and seventy dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in seventy-one cents a day for the seventieth year, and that's nine hundred and eighty-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in seventy-two cents a day for the seventy-first year, and that's nine hundred and ninety-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in seventy-three cents a day for the seventy-second year, and that's ten hundred and two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in seventy-four cents a day for the seventy-third year, and that's ten hundred and six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in seventy-five cents a day for the seventy-fourth year, and that's ten hundred and ten dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in seventy-six cents a day for the seventy-fifth year, and that's ten hundred and fourteen dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in seventy-seven cents a day for the seventy-sixth year, and that's ten hundred and eighteen dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in seventy-eight cents a day for the seventy-seventh year, and that's ten hundred and twenty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in seventy-nine cents a day for the seventy-eighth year, and that's ten hundred and twenty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in eighty cents a day for the seventy-ninth year, and that's ten hundred and thirty dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in eighty-one cents a day for the eightieth year, and that's ten hundred and thirty-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in eighty-two cents a day for the eighty-first year, and that's ten hundred and thirty-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in eighty-three cents a day for the eighty-second year, and that's ten hundred and forty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in eighty-four cents a day for the eighty-third year, and that's ten hundred and forty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in eighty-five cents a day for the eighty-fourth year, and that's ten hundred and fifty dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in eighty-six cents a day for the eighty-fifth year, and that's ten hundred and fifty-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in eighty-seven cents a day for the eighty-sixth year, and that's ten hundred and fifty-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in eighty-eight cents a day for the eighty-seventh year, and that's ten hundred and sixty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in eighty-nine cents a day for the eighty-eighth year, and that's ten hundred and sixty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in ninety cents a day for the eighty-ninth year, and that's ten hundred and seventy dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in ninety-one cents a day for the ninetieth year, and that's ten hundred and seventy-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in ninety-two cents a day for the ninety-first year, and that's ten hundred and seventy-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in ninety-three cents a day for the ninety-second year, and that's ten hundred and eighty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in ninety-four cents a day for the ninety-third year, and that's ten hundred and eighty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in ninety-five cents a day for the ninety-fourth year, and that's ten hundred and ninety dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in ninety-six cents a day for the ninety-fifth year, and that's ten hundred and ninety-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in ninety-seven cents a day for the ninety-sixth year, and that's ten hundred and ninety-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in ninety-eight cents a day for the ninety-seventh year, and that's eleven hundred and two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in ninety-nine cents a day for the ninety-eighth year, and that's eleven hundred and six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar a day for the ninety-ninth year, and that's eleven hundred and ten dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and one cent a day for the one hundredth year, and that's eleven hundred and fourteen dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and two cents a day for the one hundred and first year, and that's eleven hundred and eighteen dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and three cents a day for the one hundred and second year, and that's eleven hundred and twenty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and four cents a day for the one hundred and third year, and that's eleven hundred and twenty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and five cents a day for the one hundred and fourth year, and that's eleven hundred and thirty dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and six cents a day for the one hundred and fifth year, and that's eleven hundred and thirty-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and seven cents a day for the one hundred and sixth year, and that's eleven hundred and thirty-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and eight cents a day for the one hundred and seventh year, and that's eleven hundred and forty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and nine cents a day for the one hundred and eighth year, and that's eleven hundred and forty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and ten cents a day for the one hundred and ninth year, and that's eleven hundred and fifty dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and eleven cents a day for the one hundred and tenth year, and that's eleven hundred and fifty-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and twelve cents a day for the one hundred and eleventh year, and that's eleven hundred and fifty-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and thirteen cents a day for the one hundred and twelfth year, and that's eleven hundred and sixty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and fourteen cents a day for the one hundred and thirteenth year, and that's eleven hundred and sixty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and fifteen cents a day for the one hundred and fourteenth year, and that's eleven hundred and seventy dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and sixteen cents a day for the one hundred and fifteenth year, and that's eleven hundred and seventy-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and seventeen cents a day for the one hundred and sixteenth year, and that's eleven hundred and seventy-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and eighteen cents a day for the one hundred and seventeenth year, and that's eleven hundred and eighty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and nineteen cents a day for the one hundred and eighteenth year, and that's eleven hundred and eighty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and twenty cents a day for the one hundred and nineteenth year, and that's eleven hundred and ninety dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and twenty-one cents a day for the one hundred and twentieth year, and that's eleven hundred and ninety-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and twenty-two cents a day for the one hundred and twenty-first year, and that's eleven hundred and ninety-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and twenty-three cents a day for the one hundred and twenty-second year, and that's twelve hundred and two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and twenty-four cents a day for the one hundred and twenty-third year, and that's twelve hundred and six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and twenty-five cents a day for the one hundred and twenty-fourth year, and that's twelve hundred and ten dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and twenty-six cents a day for the one hundred and twenty-fifth year, and that's twelve hundred and fourteen dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and twenty-seven cents a day for the one hundred and twenty-sixth year, and that's twelve hundred and eighteen dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and twenty-eight cents a day for the one hundred and twenty-seventh year, and that's twelve hundred and twenty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and twenty-nine cents a day for the one hundred and twenty-eighth year, and that's twelve hundred and twenty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and thirty cents a day for the one hundred and twenty-ninth year, and that's twelve hundred and thirty dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and thirty-one cents a day for the one hundred and thirtieth year, and that's twelve hundred and thirty-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and thirty-two cents a day for the one hundred and thirty-first year, and that's twelve hundred and thirty-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and thirty-three cents a day for the one hundred and thirty-second year, and that's twelve hundred and forty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and thirty-four cents a day for the one hundred and thirty-third year, and that's twelve hundred and forty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and thirty-five cents a day for the one hundred and thirty-fourth year, and that's twelve hundred and fifty dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and thirty-six cents a day for the one hundred and thirty-fifth year, and that's twelve hundred and fifty-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and thirty-seven cents a day for the one hundred and thirty-sixth year, and that's twelve hundred and fifty-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and thirty-eight cents a day for the one hundred and thirty-seventh year, and that's twelve hundred and sixty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and thirty-nine cents a day for the one hundred and thirty-eighth year, and that's twelve hundred and sixty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and forty cents a day for the one hundred and thirty-ninth year, and that's twelve hundred and seventy dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and forty-one cents a day for the one hundred and fortieth year, and that's twelve hundred and seventy-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and forty-two cents a day for the one hundred and forty-first year, and that's twelve hundred and seventy-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and forty-three cents a day for the one hundred and forty-second year, and that's twelve hundred and eighty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and forty-four cents a day for the one hundred and forty-third year, and that's twelve hundred and eighty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and forty-five cents a day for the one hundred and forty-fourth year, and that's twelve hundred and ninety dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and forty-six cents a day for the one hundred and forty-fifth year, and that's twelve hundred and ninety-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and forty-seven cents a day for the one hundred and forty-sixth year, and that's twelve hundred and ninety-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and forty-eight cents a day for the one hundred and forty-seventh year, and that's thirteen hundred and two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and forty-nine cents a day for the one hundred and forty-eighth year, and that's thirteen hundred and six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and fifty cents a day for the one hundred and forty-ninth year, and that's thirteen hundred and ten dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and fifty-one cents a day for the one hundred and fiftieth year, and that's thirteen hundred and fourteen dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and fifty-two cents a day for the one hundred and fifty-first year, and that's thirteen hundred and eighteen dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and fifty-three cents a day for the one hundred and fifty-second year, and that's thirteen hundred and twenty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and fifty-four cents a day for the one hundred and fifty-third year, and that's thirteen hundred and twenty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and fifty-five cents a day for the one hundred and fifty-fourth year, and that's thirteen hundred and thirty dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and fifty-six cents a day for the one hundred and fifty-fifth year, and that's thirteen hundred and thirty-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and fifty-seven cents a day for the one hundred and fifty-sixth year, and that's thirteen hundred and thirty-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and fifty-eight cents a day for the one hundred and fifty-seventh year, and that's thirteen hundred and forty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and fifty-nine cents a day for the one hundred and fifty-eighth year, and that's thirteen hundred and forty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and sixty cents a day for the one hundred and fifty-ninth year, and that's thirteen hundred and fifty dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and sixty-one cents a day for the one hundred and sixtieth year, and that's thirteen hundred and fifty-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and sixty-two cents a day for the one hundred and sixty-first year, and that's thirteen hundred and fifty-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and sixty-three cents a day for the one hundred and sixty-second year, and that's thirteen hundred and sixty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and sixty-four cents a day for the one hundred and sixty-third year, and that's thirteen hundred and sixty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and sixty-five cents a day for the one hundred and sixty-fourth year, and that's thirteen hundred and seventy dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and sixty-six cents a day for the one hundred and sixty-fifth year, and that's thirteen hundred and seventy-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and sixty-seven cents a day for the one hundred and sixty-sixth year, and that's thirteen hundred and seventy-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and sixty-eight cents a day for the one hundred and sixty-seventh year, and that's thirteen hundred and eighty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and sixty-nine cents a day for the one hundred and sixty-eighth year, and that's thirteen hundred and eighty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and seventy cents a day for the one hundred and sixty-ninth year, and that's thirteen hundred and ninety dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and seventy-one cents a day for the one hundred and seventieth year, and that's thirteen hundred and ninety-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and seventy-two cents a day for the one hundred and seventy-first year, and that's thirteen hundred and ninety-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and seventy-three cents a day for the one hundred and seventy-second year, and that's fourteen hundred and two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and seventy-four cents a day for the one hundred and seventy-third year, and that's fourteen hundred and six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and seventy-five cents a day for the one hundred and seventy-fourth year, and that's fourteen hundred and ten dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and seventy-six cents a day for the one hundred and seventy-fifth year, and that's fourteen hundred and fourteen dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and seventy-seven cents a day for the one hundred and seventy-sixth year, and that's fourteen hundred and eighteen dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and seventy-eight cents a day for the one hundred and seventy-seventh year, and that's fourteen hundred and twenty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and seventy-nine cents a day for the one hundred and seventy-eighth year, and that's fourteen hundred and twenty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and eighty cents a day for the one hundred and seventy-ninth year, and that's fourteen hundred and thirty dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and eighty-one cents a day for the one hundred and eightieth year, and that's fourteen hundred and thirty-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and eighty-two cents a day for the one hundred and eighty-first year, and that's fourteen hundred and thirty-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and eighty-three cents a day for the one hundred and eighty-second year, and that's fourteen hundred and forty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and eighty-four cents a day for the one hundred and eighty-third year, and that's fourteen hundred and forty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and eighty-five cents a day for the one hundred and eighty-fourth year, and that's fourteen hundred and fifty dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and eighty-six cents a day for the one hundred and eighty-fifth year, and that's fourteen hundred and fifty-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and eighty-seven cents a day for the one hundred and eighty-sixth year, and that's fourteen hundred and fifty-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and eighty-eight cents a day for the one hundred and eighty-seventh year, and that's fourteen hundred and sixty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and eighty-nine cents a day for the one hundred and eighty-eighth year, and that's fourteen hundred and sixty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and ninety cents a day for the one hundred and eighty-ninth year, and that's fourteen hundred and seventy dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and ninety-one cents a day for the one hundred and ninetieth year, and that's fourteen hundred and seventy-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and ninety-two cents a day for the one hundred and ninety-first year, and that's fourteen hundred and seventy-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and ninety-three cents a day for the one hundred and ninety-second year, and that's fourteen hundred and eighty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and ninety-four cents a day for the one hundred and ninety-third year, and that's fourteen hundred and eighty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and ninety-five cents a day for the one hundred and ninety-fourth year, and that's fourteen hundred and ninety dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and ninety-six cents a day for the one hundred and ninety-fifth year, and that's fourteen hundred and ninety-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and ninety-seven cents a day for the one hundred and ninety-sixth year, and that's fourteen hundred and ninety-eight dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and ninety-eight cents a day for the one hundred and ninety-seventh year, and that's fifteen hundred and two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in one dollar and ninety-nine cents a day for the one hundred and ninety-eighth year, and that's fifteen hundred and six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in two dollars a day for the one hundred and ninety-ninth year, and that's fifteen hundred and ten dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in two dollars and one cent a day for the two hundredth year, and that's fifteen hundred and fourteen dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in two dollars and two cents a day for the two hundred and first year, and that's fifteen hundred and eighteen dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in two dollars and three cents a day for the two hundred and second year, and that's fifteen hundred and twenty-two dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in two dollars and four cents a day for the two hundred and third year, and that's fifteen hundred and twenty-six dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in two dollars and five cents a day for the two hundred and fourth year, and that's fifteen hundred and thirty dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in two dollars and six cents a day for the two hundred and fifth year, and that's fifteen hundred and thirty-four dollars. Then I got into the way of it, and I put in two dollars and seven cents a day for the two hundred and sixth year, and that's fifteen hundred

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1861.

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DECEMBER.

After an autumn that rejoiced strawberry plants and other single vegetables into the belief that another summer was coming, and so induced them to put out untimely blossoms and leaves, we feel that December of all months is the time for grips us with cool sagacious by the nose, and the frozen token a purple ring under his refrigerating fingers. In the streets the pace of society is accelerated, in the house this-individuals gravitate toward the fire. Some stand cohouse wise with their backs to the dusky hearth, forgetful that the human body is not a good conductor of heat, and that animal caloric is a diffusive stimulant which no gentleman has a right to flatter, or to offer a victim to the prejudice of his relatives and friends. Professional beggars, in a costume intended to excite by contrast the compassion of the warmly-clothed, now beginning to feel the cold of the year, and also I honest Poverty, too proud to beg, sits hungry in many a dreary home. Its chants and brokers rub their hands on 'change, and the mild air calls to mind the sighs of individuals bound on shivering expeditions about the fatal hour of Three. The little "Stay-you-hooks" offer to "shave you" for half price, they feel so shivery; and the flower girls that flout old Winter with their posies, prefer them with blue lips at twenty per cent. off for cash. Ladies have assumed the hoary winter cloaks, and encyclindered their dainty hands in fur. Behind the plate glass windows of the Broadway dry goods store, thick and sumptuous fabrics assume the place of the fortable magnificence, and in the toy shops the Saint of Babies' Hopes and Mothers' Dreams, rosarioi with glittering gimcracks, is regarded by the rising generation with rounded eyes. The windows of the confectioners begin to look fresh with sugar ice, and wadlins are distempered from little at *fresco* bakeries round the City Hall Park. In short, December is in town.

Beyond the reticence of his advent are still more palpable. Go out into the fields in the early morning, and you shall see what an enchanter he is. From his night-cloak of the Prince Esterhazy's famous court suit, fall showers of soul diamonds. At sunrise they be sparkling on the meadows, and cover the gray fence, with a veneer of light. Silvery lace, too, hangs among the sedges, and of the field-spiders' web he makes bright relief. If one but believes in the elves, it were easy to fancy him jeweller and silliter to Titania. And then what clever tricks he plays with the streams—fringing their shores with brittle encrustations of crystal, and sometimes, when his spells are very potent, paralyzing them with fragile crystal. Now and then he indulges in a "white feather movement," and withens the air a little with the whirl of his wings; but January and February are more remarkable for these freaks. Upon the whole, December does his spiriting with gentleness in these latitudes and it is not until he has left us that we are made to feel what a bitter old Tyrant Winter can be.

INTERNATIONAL TIT FOR TAT.

A recent event on the ocean has brought to mind the liberties which British men-of-war have taken with American vessels, armed and unarmed.

Most people have forgotten it, but it is a fact, that in the year 1804, the British frigate Cambria, in the *harbor of New York*, boarded an American merchantman, and, right in the face of official remonstrance, carried off several of her seamen, who were claimed as British subjects. In the same year, an American coasting vessel, while going from one American port to another American port, was fired into by a British ship of war, and one of the crew killed. This event occurred within one mile of the American coast.

In 1809, the Chesapeake, an American frigate, while cruising on our own coast, was overhauled by a British seventy-four, the captain of which demanded two British deserters, who, he said, were on board the Chesapeake. The American captain denied that any British subjects were on board his ship. The English captain demanded permission to search. The captain of the Chesapeake refused permission. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, the American vessel had having a gun loaded, England and the United States being at peace, the British seventy-four poured into the American frigate a whole broadside. The Chesapeake struck her flag. A lieutenant of the British ship came on board, commanded and received the muster-roll of the crew, and selected four men as deserters from the her carried off to his own vessel. Three of these men were afterwards proved to be native Americans. This most audacious and murderous act was repudiated by the British government, but no *reparation was ever made*.

A similar event took place in 1811, between the British sloop Little Belt and the American frigate President, but on that occasion the American frigate was ready, and answered the insult first of the sloop with broadside for broadside, laying low thirty-two of the British sailors. There were some isolated cases "British praises," said Mr. Madison, in his Message of June, 1812, "have been in the *continued practice* of violating the American flag, and of seizing and carrying off persons sailing under it;" and this, he adds, and in the exercise of "a belligerent right," but in that of a "*municipal prerogative*." "Thousands of American citizens," says the cautious and unexaggerative Mr. Madison, "under the safeguard of their national flag, have been torn from their country, and dragged on board foreign ships of war, and called to the most distant and deadly climes." The same message shows, too, that Great Britain strictly set at naught the principle that no blockade is to be recognized unless it is sustained by an adequate force. Under pretence of over paper blockades, says the President, our commerce has been plundered in every sea.

Now, what was the excuse for these outrages? Simply this: that Napoleon was hard to conquer, and that it was necessary to turn against him every weapon, and use all means to cripple and impoverish him. And observe; the treaty of Paris is silent as to the principle involved in these outrages; England tacitly claiming that they were justifiable.

CREATURE COMFORTS IN THE NORTH.

While a certain proportion of men misjudged and blockaded countrymen down South are limited to a dietary of hog, hominy and johnny cake, the Northern bill of fare was never more copious, nor have the facilities for many years been so cheap. Butter and cheese, things impossible to get but the numbers of weird in Secessia, are quite accessible to our poorest handlerofmen. To be sure, we have to pay ten cents a pound for South Carolina rice, but then the inhabitants of that high blooded principality are compelled to give twenty dollars a barrel for flour now, and ten dollars a pair for Northern highlows. Cotton goods have also undergone an inflammad reaction in our market, but on the other hand, the price of butter was never known so rapidly in Dickie's Land that should the war continue, many of the luxuries necessary to us ultimately be reduced to the South Carolina costume of an Indian and a pair of moccasins.

The affluent West, the mighty Goshen of the modern world, pours its abundance into our midst. The steam-drawn wains, freighted with the produce of its fruitful plains and prairies converge as usual toward the Cities of the Sea. There is no lack in the staples of life, whether sale, retail and for *apotheosis*.

The profusion of the markets is recommended, to all crookers who are afflicted, like Pharaoh, with nightmare visions of lean kine devouring the nutchis's of corn. The great piles of game and fish, the mountains of vegetables, the rivers of the vast store of butter, eggs and cheese, the mountain chains of choice vegetables, and the "oceans of apples" and "seas of pippins," on hospitable cares latent," that throng the passage-ways between these long rows of edibles, are enough to most convince the most gloomy-minded borrower of trouble that the "good times" have come, and times to feed on the fat of the land. She has her poor—poorer than ever, it is to be feared, and her benevolence are equal to the burden.

AMERICAN PROVINCIALISM.

The provincialism of Boston is a singular public. Let a fourth-rate clergyman, editor, editor, banker, lawyer or politician come hither from Europe, and he is feted and lionized. Boston is in every way made much of. Even a discharged valet de chambre, if he has travelled abroad, is here treated with "distinguished consideration." Even the Boston newspapers are quoted on our affairs from the quality of a guest at dinner. Let a native author publish a very recent on this continent." On the occasion of the last great review of our troops on Boston Cross Roads, this Sunday spirit of provincialism was manifest. This, that and the other foreigner said this, that and the other about our troops. The Prince de Joinville had not seen anything like it. Lord Gaumont thought the manoeuvres were admirable. The commander-in-chief had never seen in Europe. Colonel Flat Plon (who served in his regiment) was astonished that volunteers were equal to British veterans. The Boston newspapers had scarcely room for what seemed such a cheering sight, and which was attended all the grand reviews on "the continent" by the leading officers. Even a dog was shownan is quoted as declaring that "no such mastery existed among the canine species as that manoeuvring has been made in Europe within a comparatively few years." The absence of foreign opinion is to us offensive and disgusting. It favors vagabond adventurers with high degrees of comparison, and puts us in the humiliating position of a people establishing a colony. We submit that if our natural horn Bunkeys cannot altogether shake off their provincialism, at least that they should at least practice some degree of moderation in its exercise.

THE INVASION OF MEXICO.

Spain is worrifling with her demonstration against Mexico to a war for the rairas of grievances. She desires to recover "what is owed and posses," with a view of either holding the country as a British colonial possession, or interfere with some nominee of her own as king. In this scheme Great Britain and France appear to participate, and its execution is therefore in definitely postponed. The first movement of Spain on Mexico are *only postponed*—not *abandoned*. Her Majesty, the Queen of Spain, has not yet yet, see wonderfully puffed up with the late success of the Spanish arms in the Dominican war, and with the *coup-d'etat* in St. Domingo. United England and France positively refused the cession of Madrid may at the first convenient opportunity, make a determined effort to carry out the project. There is British sympathy for it that would succeed, even if Spain and Mexico were left to battle alone, and a few other nations with it. It is quite certain, however, that this country will not be left to battle alone, and that the consummation of such a scheme. No European power will be allowed to establish a monarchy precisely to Mexico. Uncle Sam will never tolerate a Bourbon dynasty on the soil of the new world—next door to his dominions. If the Spanish monarchists are ever to be established, they must assume its sway in this hemisphere, it may as well prepare at once for a conflict with the United States.

GOVERNMENT AND THE GRUMBLERS.

There never was a time when the civil and policy or action that satisfied as entire people. Statesmen, however patriotic, must therefore expect to have their motives misjudged and misrepresented and misinterpreted by portions of the community, whose interests they are labouring to promote. However wise and prudent their measures, their labours will be misunderstood, or seen to be called in question; however zealous and active they may be, their zeal and activity can never satisfy the demands of exacting cliques and factions. This is especially true in the communities of independent thinkers, where the ruling power is not, and cannot be long maintained by among the Anglo-Saxon race, who are given to be ungovernable except by themselves. Parties rulers and cabinets have, however, this consolation, that the administration of Washington and by the King of Kings Himself does not please everybody, and that the wisdom of Providence has many a time been interpreted in print as folly or theirs. When, therefore, the administrators of our public affairs are charged by one journal with being too slow, by another with being too fast, and by others perhaps with being something less than honest, they have only to turn to profane history to find innumerable cases parallel to their own, or to the Bible to see how even *absolute perfection* has been reviled, persecuted and slandered.

WAGRAM.

BY JOHN E. C. ABBOTT.

The campaign which resulted in the great victory of Eckmuhl, Napoleon regarded as the most brilliant of his achievements. From Eckmuhl he pursued the vanquished foe to Vienna, and after a bombardment of ten hours, took the city. The main army of the Austrians was on the opposite side of the Danube. Napoleon ordered pontoon bridges to be built, and his host was overpowered and repulsed at Aspern and Essling, and took refuge in the island, where he made his arrangements for the renowned campaign of Wagram.

It was at midnight on the 21st of May, 1809, when the fiery surge of 70,000 men, nearly 15,000 of their own number and 30,000 Austrians dead upon the great plain of Marchfeld, took up the line of battle. The right wing rested at Lobau, and withdrew to their own shore the pontoon bridges by which they had effected their retreat.

Before the dawn of the morning the tireless emperor was at the head of his corps of cuirassiers, planning the movements of military works of the most gigantic description. They still remained, exhausting, accumulated his capacity for energy. The resources of the whole army were called into requisition. In three weeks a new bridge was constructed, supported by sixty arches. It was two miles in length, and long and so wide that three carriages could easily pass abreast. One hundred feet below this, another similar bridge was constructed for the passage of infantry. Both of these structures were protected by powerful batteries. A third bridging bridge was framed, of great capacity, which could at any time be thrown across the stream. Though the Austrians, nearly 150,000 strong, strongly watched the movements of the works, the batteries of the French prevented them from crossing, and the engineers finished their work, however, constructed the most formidable defences which were ever thrown up in a single day they should have crossed the river.

The left wing of the army of Napoleon were merely a feint. A few miles further down the river, in a low meadow, where the stream unfolds forest, a large number of flat-bottomed boats were concealed. Here about 20,000 men each, and with iron-cased gunwales, which had re-the advantage of a white wave, could not difficulty protect the men from bullets. Each boat was provided with a small cannon. All these boats, and the particular point was selected for embarkation and disembarkation. A large number of pontoon bridges were also secretly prepared, to be used in co-operation with this flotilla. The whole force was in possession of Vienna, and his communication with France was entirely intercepted. Napoleon, therefore, encamping almost to magic, soon assembled upon the island of Lobau 80,000 troops, and 400 pieces of artillery. Every man knew his place, and the whole army was in a state of excitement that in two hours sixty thousand troops could be thrown across.

There never was a commander more indefatigable than Napoleon. He never sought repose amid the comforts of his soldiers. One day the emperor was observed to eat but a single morsel at his dinner.

"Pray, my friends," said Napoleon, "I hope you find the wine good."

"It will not make us drunk," one replied; "there is not much of it, nothing to the Danube."

The emperor, who had ordered the distribution of the whole wine in the army, with a facetious inquiry, that the wine had been poisoned by the Austrians, immediately had the intelligence brought to trial, *and shot*.

The night of the 5th of July was black with clouds and rain, and a fearful tempest howled over the battle-field. At midnight the whole army was in motion. To bewilder the Austrians, a battery opposite Vienna opened a fire upon a of nine hundred pieces of artillery blended with the roar of thunder and the crash of the storm. Under the cover of this tempest the French troops crossed a hundred battles declared it to be the most terrific scene of the kind which they had ever exhibited. The Austrians stood mainly by their batteries, and poured the storm of grape and canister them with sails and grape shot, having to wait long for the second division to come across the stream at the point where they had made such immense preparations. The terrible storm of war which its plaraxdeal monsters in a torrent of vituperation upon the luckless heads of the Austrians, who were overwhelmed by any person whom he had edified with selfcomplacency, "upon the duty of foreigners under injuries." Proving, without a doubt, this to be the origin of the phrase "to give one a piece of it makes a vast difference to an individual whether *his ribs* are or are not *a piece* of his *neighbor*.

A HINT FOR NOVEMBER.

What a ridiculous as well as wicked fashion it is to dress children in such a way that their shoulders and exposes its little bare *arms* to the cold winds of winter. We often feel the most uncomfortable indignation to see a mother, with apparent unconsciousness and complacency, dragging along a poor little pinched creature, whose uncovered *elbows* appeal to every passer against this inhuman custom. If beauty be the object, certainly symmetry of shape is quite lost sight of in the folly for the puffs thickness. Equally absurd is the fashion of *wide dresses* for little girls, which, to make room for the expansion of the attire betoken the persons of winter. If these women choose to victimize themselves with thin shoes, or silk stockings, or any other unsuitable clothing, that is their affair, but they will be one fool less before many winters. But to see children, we bespeak covered from the arms, and skirts long enough to protect the limbs from the cold, is a matter of the first importance to good providence, in the shape of a grandmother, overlaid their wardrobes.

TAINT THEE.

BOASTFUL BULLETINS.

It is a pity to spoil a good action by giving an extravagant account of it. Some gallant deeds have been done in this war, and a few which skill and bravery were very happily united. But some of our loud newspapers have fallen into the habit of narrating these things in such a way as to remind one of a boy who has had a blush of shame to the cheeks of the brave men who were concerned in them. Who would wish to defraud them of their fame? Not their fellow sailors? But, surely, it is not doing them honor to represent very ordinary and very dangerous exploits, as "brilliant victories." Common sense should, to read the narratives of such, that brave deeds had never been done before, and that there was a new heroism. To be in this generation, war is indeed a novelty, and that is, doubtless, the reason why we stand amazed at some of its commonest events. As we get the hang of the thing, however, let us by all means be more modest, and not discredit the great deeds of the past by boasting unduly of the exploits of to-day.

MANKIND may be divided into three classes: those who do what is right from principle; those who act from appearances; and those who act from impulse.

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.—No. 98.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

BOOK KEEPING.

Somebody has want to me a very nice book, as *Book-Keeping*. And no book could have been more timely. There is no other point on which I have a more lively interest than that of keeping books. In fact, I have found it very difficult to get them, and still more difficult to keep them. The reason seems to be no conscience formed as to *book theft*. It is doubtful whether any individual could be made to be against a man for such an act as borrowing and keeping a book. It is rather a mark of confidence. He thus says, "I have to see it," and he will not expect me to carry the book again. He will suppose that I will send it after it. We always have things in common." Brothers, confidences, cares, and books are the property. They cannot be appropriated by one without consent. They belong to the category to which is included sin, light, wefter and free; who wants them may have them. I will not say that this is yet the written law. It is the common law.

Books? The only bodies are they, for noble spirits, and they have no alliance or consequence. Books talk to you not through the ear, but another way. They speak without sound, reading as the soul through the eye. They never importune, and never reproach. You can lend a book full without caring. They are still, but never alone. They grow not without infirmity. They are neither sick nor wrong; they only require watcher, and greet the morning, and wait for the evening, and are the companions of sleepless make a couch and spread a table. But strange are the inconsistences of books and readers, that bring rest to our partnerships, and are guests that perform the office of hosts. Apologies for the host.

Books should *they* be singled out for theft? When my spoons disappear, there is *a* least a possibility that they may be found in use. But even that pleasure is denied me when books disappear.

Once there came an artist with letters of reference from a friend. He wanted, he said, to copy, had I, of "Stuart's Athens" uncut, large copy-edition of Stuart. So glad was I that I could do he devour the matter therein, that I was almost "taking down" the work, in order to let him take the precious volumes to his room, the while I wrote his book and kept his eye on it took them. He thanked me much, and his face glowed. And, moreover, he returned the volumes hoary;—they ought to be, since they had the Parthenon in them, and the whole Acropolis, and the Propylæa, and all. He would, he said, come four years went, and he never returned, nor wrote, nor sent books returned! They were gone. That thief of an artist—I sigh for revenge. Could I live and not be able to find that man to a book case, for indefinite years, and be accustomed to read Dante or Wm's Joan of Arc? I reboot. Not the bet. Punishments may be found that are better than that.

How many *fast* volumes are gone? What is the unsaved volume? Oh that there were a book for *me*, if they will take any! The surprise of Peter's taking down the Bible, to refer to the point raising moments. You are discussing with a friend of some matter, and he has put aside the mental silos, and private revenge upon stories of books shall be found in the course of a slight tariff.

Then, when we are Emperor, we intend, *every* time, to require each man in the Empire who has read and desires to keep, to purchase and set his household, and to file an affidavit that there is not intimidated in his house a borrowed book. Thus I would reinstate the old Jubilee; only, that there was then a year of rest every fifty years: but for books it should come as often as *Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's*, come! My dear Sir, how often have you been annoyed and how delighted I was to perceive that you had employed your time in reading something whose greatness were written upon it. *Book-keeping* is a matter of which "upon the duty of foreigners" the right place! I have not read the book yet; but any volume that can fortify this point of books that cannot be kept must do good. I recommend it to my friends. Title—"Practical Book-keeping." Admirable theme! Much-needed volume! "Book-keeping," saith the text, "by single and double entry." This is obscure. "Entry?" says the reader, "what is that?" Read more and twice for books? Why limit it to *single* and *double*? Why not by ten and twenty times? Men that will take one volume would take twenty if they could be sure of getting back one twenty times.

But, perhaps this is explained in the book. I shall read it soon. No doubt it will be another excellent moral aid to work conscience. The book that will make me a book-saver, will do what nothing has done before. I cannot *keep* books. Will this volume help me? Blessed is he that shall teach me how!

HOW TO COOK FOR THE ARMY.

MR. HALLECK—Sir: Permit me to make a very feeling, in the Lizzies, and having some experience in the cooking large assortments of accompanients, I think a mode such as the following would be better than the present more expensive and unhealthy one:—Let a mess tent be provided—for the use of 20 persons—and there attached to it one of those handy, portable cooking-ranges, for wood or coal; also enough extension tables, for the purpose, and let the 20 wagons, in moving, could carry all these appliances for the comfort of the men, and the engagement the tents would answer for the wounded. With such facilities as these a superior cook, with the assistance of a couple of men from the ranks, could cook the rations that are furnished them thoroughly, and who understands how many pounds of beef will go to a mess of hard tack, or how much an arrangement as I have described, would take little space. One error may cause more assistants, and furnish food enough for a day for 2,000 men, which is good.

Respectfully yours, P. E. MORE.

Hudson, N. Y.

ERGO.—The mixture of one error with much truth adulterates the whole; as the chalice of pure liquid is rendered dangerous by the infusion of a drop of poison. We should therefore be aware of all error, however slight and inconsiderable it may appear. One error may soon lead to a hundred—ay, to a thousand.

HAPPY words often rankle the wound which injury gives; but soft words assuage it, forgiving cures it, and forgetting takes away the sore.

THE MONUMENT OF COL. BAKER.

DEDICATED TO GEORGE WASHINGTON, AND, AFTERWARDS, TO THE GRAND NATION OF THE NATION OF FAIRY RULE, FOR LOSING IN THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Can we ever forget him, the gallant, great one
Who for us in that cold battle died,
With our Banner of Union still spread to the sun
In the old starry flash of its pride,
While a mild lingered over the cheek of the brave,
Though his life-blood gushed out on the ground?
No! he knew that his fall in the battle-fray gave,
In for time and eternity round!

II.

Ask ye, "what shall the Monument be to his fame
Shall the diamond of marble adorn,
With its capital heavier his patriot-name
To the temple-spot's throne be the stone?"
No! a Monument grander for BAKER must soar,
Where his mine so fearlessly planted:
It must be his own Country, as great as of yore,
From the Summit of Freedom to Pole!

III.

Then, to arms! then, to arms, all his comrades again!
O'er the wreck of Rebellion's hot rout
Bid the Banner be hoisted by that same hand
Like a tempest of wrath to the end!
Like a tempest of wrath, till the last gladden each eye,
With the harbour of Peace also united,
While our Hero and Statesmen beholds, from yon sky,
Their Republic by Liberty knitted!

IV.

O, my Country, my own darling Country, how dear,
And how grand, when we dare stemble the blade,
Shall thy glorious star-glutted firmament appear,
Though in regions far martyre ravaged!
More magnificent still from the war-furnace passed,
Then shalt hower with holier wrath—
Hailed again by the nations in tyranny cast,
Hope and Glory and Joy of the Earth!

VASCO PERES,

THE COOPER OF ALCOBAÇA.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER XV.

"Every foe must pay his own ransom to the victor."

Unable to resist the tremendous pressure of the Castilian van, the first line of Portuguese was broken; whereupon Nuno Rodriguez, with his brother, who had charge of the right wing, wheeled round and brought their whole force to bear upon the left flank of the Castilians, in order to enable them to stay further progress on that side.

"*Portugal e Sanjorge!* to the rescue!" cried Antão Vasques, observing the movement of the other wing; and he dashed on, followed by those that acknowledged his authority. But he had not gone far, when, perceiving that he was not supported by his colleagues, he halted.

Three stood Gabeiras as motionless, and apparently unconcerned, as if he were indeed to be a mere spectator, without taking any share in the action, while those under him preserved the most unshakable signs of agitation, gesticulating and whispering to each other, as if at a loss to comprehend the distasteful of their chief. There stood likewise the stranger knight, again at his post, backed by his stardy little band.

But the two Castilian wings came on, up at this juncture, there is little doubt but the day had been beatingly decided in favor of the Portuguese; but as yet they gave no indication of an advance. The lord of Valverde, who, with the quick eye of an experienced leader, had foreseen the moves that would or ought to be made on both sides, as if the Portuguese van gave way—which he had counted upon as inevitable, and how correctly was the correctness of his calculation—became exceedingly anxious and restless when he saw that there was such unintermingledness on the part of those he wished to flavor.

"Don Gonçalo de Cabreira," cried the *caballado* in a voice of thunder, "is it thus you do your duty? The greatest crisis that ever occurred ought to be quick and join your force with that of Antão Vasques."

Cabreira, disappointed in his expectations, and judging that his best course for the present was to keep on his mask till a more favorable opportunity presented itself for the conversion of his treacherous plan, was on the point of giving the word of command to join the colleague, when he saw the enemy's right wing suddenly start off in full career. The temptation was too heightened: a little more the minutes he would have it in his power to effect his purpose.

"I myself will your commandion, sir knight. Thrust not your counsel on me, till I ask for it; I'll break none of your modelling, and when I direct my force according to my best judgment," was the haughty reply of Cabreira to the imperious command of the *caballado*.

"Sirha the reverend knight and traitor!" rejoined the unknown, addressing his little cohort, as he pointed "toward Cabreira.

At a signal from their commade, they rushed forward to obey the command. Soon, they knew, could reach the lord of Valverde, the latter was surrounded by all the knights and squires that he fought under his pennon, and now clustered round their leader in order to defend him.

"By my troth!" cried Nuno Viegas, whom the reader will remember as one of the five players at the castle, "by my troth! this is novel, and might raise a laugh were this a time for child's play and foolery. What warrant contains you, that you, a simple and unnoisie knight—if that the name you wear are not an unduly assumed—should make bold to bring forward such a charge, and take the lead in front on one who was posted here by His Highness' command? Back, varlets, or you'll be cut into mince-meat!"

The little band, seeing the threatening aspect of Cabreira's followers, retreated a few steps.

"Beware, sir knights, how you proceed one whose disloyalty is now beyond a doubt. Leave him, and hasten to re-enforce your lord and master, Antão Vasques," said the *caballado* in an authoritative tone, the sound of which was somewhat dissimilar to that in which he had previously spoken; and there was something unwilling, and Cabreira was of the number, who qualled on hearing that voice.

"We obey none," replied Nuno Viegas, "but our chief, and follow no pennon but that of Portugal."

"Do you, then, refuse to follow your king?" cried the stranger knight, as he raised his visor, discovering the well known features of the young monarch, now flushed with anger.

The effect of this appeal was magical: the shifting of the scene was as sudden and unexpected as those abrupt changes in the fanciful combinations of the kaleidoscope. The followers of Valverde, while rallying around their commander when interfered with by one who appeared to act on his own responsibility, were perplexed and surprised regarding the more favorable inactivity of Don Gaeeia in so great an emergency; yet, his military skill was so well established that most of them attributed this apparent eagleness to his intention of carrying into effect some master-stroke of his own, when least expected. But the unexpected appearance of their prince, whom all imagined to be under cover of the royal standard, acted upon their minds in a way which may be compared to the sudden dissolving of a mist, exposing to view that which before had been concealed, or scarcely discernable in its outline. A moment or two later, every knight and squire that had gathered around Cabreira, was standing near the king, and the disloyal quarter found himself abandoned by all.

But the little troop that had accompanied the king were quite as amazed and thunderstruck on discovering who their leader was, as any of the persons present, which was revealed by the various attitudes they fell into, all indicating surprise. If any one could have peered through Cabreira's visor, it is probable that the sight that met his eye, would have been sufficient to show that the lord of Valverde's powers of dissimulation were not proof against surprises of this nature. The incidents of the previous day, which then had seemed to clash with each other, but which he thought to have satisfactorily accounted for, flashed through his brain the moment his eye fell upon Don João's countenance; and he exclaimed to himself, in the participated lost, his followers had scarcely left him, when he made a start towards the enemy's right wing, which was still seen advancing at full speed—for what I have taken so long to describe, was but the work of a few moments.

"Bring him back alive, if possible," cried the king, as his little guard set off in pursuit of the fugitive; "my turning to the six score knights and squires that surrounded him, as said, "and you, fair sirs, lend your support to Antão Vasques, and see if the evil done by this delay may be amended; the gallant Nuno Rodrigues is hard pressed, and we have nought to fear from the Grand Master of Alcantara—see, he comes not this way. To the charge, and St. George speed you! I must to my post."

Cabreira ran for his life, with the hope of future wealth if he succeeded in making good his escape. A minute or two more would have brought him to the advancing wing, unless he should, some dart from his pursuers had overtaken him, should they have concluded there was no chance of speeding him in time, when that body headed by Don Gonçalo Nunes de Guzman, Grand Master of Alcantara, made a sudden wheel to their right thus unconsciously avoiding the

A few minutes later the king returned, having ascertained that the alarm which had been given concerning the constable's safety was false. He received much terror at what had occurred during his absence, and was not a little displeased with Coelho, till he became convinced that the latter had done all he could to save the unfortunate knight; then, after giving directions that Diego's body might be honorably interred, out of regard to the feelings of the brother, Don João seeked himself on a heap of stones hard by, until the charge should be brought to him, for he intended to ride over the field, in order to obtain a personal knowledge of the various evils of the battle in different quarters. Dom Pedro de Castro, Dom Fernão de Gomiza, and several other Portuguese prisoners who had fought in the ranks of the enemy, were collected at a little distance behind, under a strong guard, in order to prevent their butchery, and the king was engaged in conversation with the *caballado*, when Antão Vasques was seen advancing, like King David of Judea, with sling and stone, and shouting cheerily at the head of a company of knights and squires, holding up his arm, around which was wound the royal standard of Castile.

"Receive it, sire; receive the banner of your greatest enemy," said Vasques, casting the trophy into the king's lap.

"And were thou, my gallant Antão Vasques," said the king, with warmth of feeling, "not of my comrades: and with scarce a score of them, I had wished to say thyself, I'd retain a few paces of the standard, when it fell. Casting my eyes to the left, I saw a gap in the pride (i. e., one of the infantry,) a tall, powerful fellow, with the right lately held bewhich his left arm and his breast, and a corner of the flag between his fingers, as if he feared the consequences. Seeing his antagonists at bay by dealing tremendous blows right and left on all sides, while the Castilians made desperate efforts to regain the prize. I, therefore, darted forward, with the noiseless, here prowess, who, pressing forward, recovered the standard. But it was long ere I could free from the grasp of the brave man, who, though prostrate, still clung to it. Which of these worthy knights was the bold of it, I am not sure, but I put to put an end to their dispute, they desired me to retain it for the King of Portugal."

A sharp discussion covered between Lourenço Martins de Avizar and a few of those who accompanied Antão Vasques, each of them eagerly claiming for himself the honor of being the recovery of the prize.

"Avoi, *avoi*!" cried he archer all disputes at a moment which should be given to rejoicing; "it will discuss much more easily over this king, interrupting them;" "meanwhile let us thank God for these men who first vanished, and alone, upon so bold an enterprise. He may have lost his life in the struggle, nevertheless, to let him die for want of timely assistance, Ton say you would know him, Antão Vasques?"

"Ay, my lord, I do, for I have known gue loose and slipped off."

"Then lead me to the spot and see if ye can find him—bring him hither, even if all that remains of him be his corpse, that we may give his death in a manner so honored and so significant as these persons know to our sons and hopes to a grave worthy of the dead, whatever his condition may have been in life."

Vasques and his companions proceeded to do the king's bidding, and in about a quarter of an hour, just as the horse was being brought, the body was found in a hollow entrance, bearing the apparently lifeless form of a man.

"It is he!" seeked the king, as they laid the body down upon the sward.

"There seems a remnant of life still breathing in him," said Vasques; "but his condition argues no long lease."

"Peace, fool!" exclaimed the *caballado*, as he knelt down to examine the features of the unfortunate knight.

"O Heaven! our preserver; he to whom we owe our life!" cried the king, as he sprung up and gazing upon the pallid face of our hero, who appeared to be in the grasp of grim death.

"Alas, sire," said the *caballado*, shaking his head, "unfortunately for us, this young man will not live to claim a guerdon for the inestimable service he has rendered to your royal person, as well as to his country. See, the terrible wound in his side tells its own tale."

"Can't seek, instantly; let nought delude him—no care must sleep him, alive or dead, must be saved," cried the king to a page, who hastened away at his bidding; then, turning to the knights and squires around, added in a tone of voice, you gentlemen who hear me, should it be God's will that this young man die, I shall hold you to him——" Well, we'll not say what we intend to do, but should you not be found in his bivouac, his wards, vouched by his death, is sure to be found in the grave with him. Let a litter of station were we to suffer his mean birth to constitute a bar to that which our service calls for, and our gratitude urges upon us. His assisted in the rescue of his sovereign, and owing to his individual courage and vigor we are all beholden to the gods for our safety. Let no unnecessary spirit among us dared not look for triumph in the battle, who has not shared in the toil. Any man, who flies here on the point of giving up the ghost in his sister cause, was like a day or slave, represented to us in the light of a traitor! But of this anon; for the present, let the Knights of Hippocentes proceeded to examine the state of the patient, and ascertain the nature of his wounds, and the extent of his injuries. He was thus occupied the greatest anxiety was depicted on the countenances of the bystanders. For from experiencing any feelings of envy on account of the interference pretty clearly displayed by the king, and which promised honorable advancement to the physician in case he cured the fidalgos, who clustered round to look upon him, gave undivided evidence of solicitude with regard to the fate of the young hero, whom none remembered having seen before, but whose noble features, now rendered doubly interesting by the pale hand of death—for such it seemed to the unskilled—failed not to awaken in the minds of

the graces sentiments of regret, while they evinced their sympathy by frequently urging the hook to express an opinion regarding the hopes he entertained for his patient.

"Bro," said the leech, at length, "the young man is merely under the effects of a swoon, brought on by loss of blood; the wound is a severe one, but with proper care and treatment, I see no reason for his life; is no vital part to injured."

Joy glistened in the eyes of all on hearing the announcement made by the royal leech—whose announcement was as implicitly believed, as the oracles of yore were received by the priests of the brethren—for Vasco Pires seemed already to have made friends among many upon whom his eye had probably never lit.

"Friend," said the king, betting his hand fall on the shoulder of the *sabalhaje*; "friend, I place this wounded man under your charge, and soon as our leech shall have done what his art counsels in this matter, see to his careful removal to Alcobaça. Tell my lord the abbot that in our emprise with that he suffer Vasco Pires to be placed in some one of the apartments in the convent, reserved for our especial use. God be your speed, fair sir; I must now to other business."

So saying, Don Joao vaulted into the saddle, and rode off, escorted by several lances.

At this period, it was the custom for the conquerors to remain encamped on the field of battle during the three days following victory. Don Joao I, and his army did not conflict performing this duty with scrupulous exactitude, though a agreeable task at that hot season of the year in a plain covered with dead bodies. But the eruption would inevitably begin to infect the atmosphere before the end of the first day, and encampment continued from the evening of the 14th to the morning of the 16th of August.

Meanwhile, a little after sunset, Vasco, who was near consciousness, and whose pulse never was what elsayed through the care bestowed upon the wound by the king's physician, was placed upon a litter borne by four men, with two other couples to relieve them when required, and conveyed to Alcobaça under the care of the *sabalhaje*, who rode beside the litter. Very few words passed between Vasco and the knight, as strict silence had been enjoined by the leech; and on long the pang soon did Vasco's fatigue. The night beautiful, and the air soft and balmy, so that the journey proved less hurtful to the wounded man than if it had been undertaken during the heat of the day, or at that chilly hour which, even in the hottest season, precedes the dawn of morning. A little more than two hours brought the party to Alcobaça; but before obtaining admission into the monastery, it was necessary to procure a permit from the abbot. While the knight went to deliver the king's message, and request that Vasco might be accommodated, the latter had to wait in the portress' lodge. The delay was however, soon returned, accompanied by a monk; and ere twenty minutes had elapsed from their arrival at the convent gate, Vasco lay upon a couch in one of the apartments reserved for the royal suite.

The *sabalhaje* disappeared before they reached the room, and the monk, who belonged to the medical department of the monastery, took upon himself the care of seeing that every attention should be given to the patient.

While on their way from the portor's lodge, Vasco requested that his sister, who, as we know, was also residing in the convent, might be sent for, which was done forthwith. But in being removed from the litter to the bed, the young cooper, exhausted by the journey, fainted; and when Elvira, stunned and distressed at the intelligence she had just received of her brother's state, entered the apartment where the sick lay, society was quite as apparent, they found him insensible.

CHAPTER XVII.

"After death comes the verdict."

This chapter opens on the 18th of August, the fourth day after the battle. Don Joao was now hors in the eyes of his countrymen, lay stretched upon the couch on which he had been placed three days before. On a farther examination of the wound, it was found to be not of a serious than at first supposed; and though the patient had been attacked by fever, on the day following his admittance into the monastery, and had been delirious for a few hours, those dangerous symptoms, already on the next day, were followed by others of a favorable nature, promising a speedy recovery. Vasco, on the thing by being delivered from the attendance of the king's physician, whose presence he considered him at the camp; for the medical establishment of the opulent monks of Alcobaça was provided with everything required for the practice of the healing art at that period, while whilst the monkish votaries of Æsculapius were quite as learned and skilful, as those who attended upon the person of the sovereign.

But, perhaps, the chief cause of Vasco's prolonging state was the presence of, and the untiring care and attention bestowed upon him by, the two beings he loved the most—Dona Elvira and his sister. At length, a happy opportunity was afforded Elvira to make some return for the services she had received from the young cooper, and she applied herself to the task with extraordinary zeal; thus through the joint untiring of an intimate sister and one who as a wife was destined to conceal from herself the attachment she felt for the wounded man, the latter began to regain some strength and even converse, while his nurses took care that the fever-stricken did not be abused to his injury.

Some time during the slight delirium which had supervened, and while Vasco's eyes were closed in feverish, unconscious slumber, his lips words uttered by him fell upon the ears of the two young girls, who were seated on each side of the couch. At first they were incoherent, conveying no precise information with regard to the current of his ideas; but, after sundry exclamations, implying that the young man was occupied with the battle of the preceding day, other words followed mingled with a few broken sentences, which at a third although all the channels of her body. Violante, a stranger to the secret, and fearful lest he might unconsciously betray himself, attempted to engage Elvira's attention by conversation; but was forced to desist, when the lady, seeking an impassioned sign, enjoined silence. Elvira soon heard enough to leave no doubt upon her mind that Vasco loved her. But as the disclosure was made in an incomplete way, and there was no tracing the firm and insoluble resolve of the young cooper through the fragmentary and disconnected sentences that escaped from him, Violante, unacquainted with her mistress was not indifferent to her brother, yet thinking she might take it ill of his presuming to cherish hopes of such a nature, fell upon her knees and embraced the couch on which her brother's love, but, at the same time, informing her of the determination he had taken of smothering it, and the motives which had moved him to adopt this course. During this recital the blood mantled in Elvira's cheeks, and her confusion became extreme: but, when she heard that her present unprotected condition had superinduced a determination on the part of the young cooper to shun every occasion of intruding himself upon her, she could no longer overcome her emotion. There said then she made an avowal of that which Violante already more than suspected.

"Alas!" said Elvira, in conclusion, "I am poor now; but were I mistress of the wealth I once possessed, since Vasco, under the impulse of noble sentiments, wishes the privilege of his sex, I would do everything the cooper could do which ours is subject, and put my hand and fortune at his disposal—but, as it is, I would only be a burden to him now."

In giving expression to these feelings and overlooking the common prejudices of birth, Elvira was by no means influenced by anticipating that Vasco Pires might be raised to a higher station than he was she in the least degree knew that the king had thrown out any hints pointing in that direction. As to Vasco's behavior in the battle, the monarch had not been reported to her; she knew that he had been charged by the king to seize Catherine, that he had saved the monarch's life, that he had taken the standard of Castile, and that he was in some case of shortening the duration of the battle, if not of ensuring victory. All this had been stated to Elvira by fed Lopo, shortly after the wounded cooper arrived at Alcobaça, but, whatever might have been the reason—whether ignorance of the king's unbridled declination, or a fixed purpose of withholding the intelligence from the lips of Rinos—certain it is that the monk had not said a word from which Elvira might have inferred that Dona Sesia was about rewarding the cooper in any signal manner. But the knowledge of Vasco's exploits, which filled her with admiration for him, had greatly developed the tender passion which was already existing in her bosom.

On the other hand, Vasco could not but notice, and that with the keenest pain, the cold and tender case and solicitude evinced by Elvira in tending every necessary attention to his wants and comforts of his case. The first object his eye had met on awaking from the trance, was the countenance of the noble damsel; what more forcible sign could there be given of her kind and consciousness? When he strove to pour out his thanks, her soft hand was instantly placed on his mouth, while the gentle tones of her voice, pointing out to him the necessity of keeping in his impatience heart, bade him observe silence, as he excited by his speech. The young cooper told more than perhaps his lips had dared pronounce. But the deep hue that would come over his chagrin opens, the eyes of the lovers, for which they may not be revealed, the feelings revealed that which the one still presumed not to utter, and which the other, from modesty of sex, was restrained from avowing, but a tacit understanding seemed to have arisen between them.

Fed Lopo had never failed to visit the sick room both morning and evening; but he never chanced to be sleeping on such occasions, the only occasions when he was absent. Violante, during which Violante had remarked that the monk was wont to observe Elvira. The solicitude attendant; yet, withal, his glance argued benevolence and good-humor, and Violante liked the friar soon as Fed Lopo left the room, he in his turn became the subject of remark, and he, too, speedily he had excited, especially in the two females who were present.

It was an hour or two before noon; none were in the room with the two females but the sister and Elvira, both now seated near the window.

"It is strange Fed Lopo has not yet made his appearance, he is wont to come sooner," at length remarked Violante.

"I is surprise me, too," said Elvira, who, standing at Vasco with a playful smile, added: "but I marvelled still more, on the day of the battle, how it was that Fed Lopo could have conducted Violante and myself to this part of the convent, for, as I remember, we were brought here on a litter, fed Lopo never once came to us. The conversation I just referred to, is that he takes more interest in what concerns you, than in what concerns Violante; your return indeed him to begin his visits, which have been regular ever since."

Elvira paused, as if expecting some observation on the part of the young cooper; but seeing that he remained silent, she proceeded in the thoughtful tone:

"In truth, there are many inconsistencies in the ways of this monk—one thing is certain, namely, he is kind-hearted and charitable, and I begin to feel a decided partiality for the venerable man, and should like to compare with his visits to cease."

"His conversation is highly entertaining and instructive, and arguing more knowledge of the world than commonly falls to the lot of most cloistered men," said Violante. "Besides his prolonged absence, I make no doubt but it arises from the importance to his learned studies of nursing; the whole community would deem it a favor to be relieved from his visits, especially Hist tion heard, sister, how long the king remains?"

"I was told just now," replied Violante, "that he would remain three days longer, on the festival of the convent's patron, St. Bernard, which is day after to-morrow, Don Joao, however, left hurry! I hear footsteps without, and the sound of voices, announcing the approach of some visitors than monks."

In a few seconds the door opened, and the king, only partly clad in armor, entered the room, followed by several attendants.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

AUNT MIRIAM'S ADVENTURE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Evening had closed darkly round the little brown farm-house in the valley of Ware. It was late nightfall and the wild Niagara of crimson and gold that had flooded the horizon, at sunset since into the great unseen chalice of splendor that lies hidden forever beyond the western horizon line—the monumental urn where rest the ashes of days, covered with roses and rubies and those baptized in tears. There we sound within, and the sweet, low voice of the sycamore tree chafing uneasily against the moss-covered roof, and the sharp, quick cry of the brown and scarlet birds of leaves that cuppeds every depth of the woods. The dead and red bricks of the hearth had been swept and the shone as if carved in coral, and the sunny tongues of flame danced over the dark, snapping gigantic logs like a band of elfin sprites. The ruddy glow illumined the apartment in which the reader had commenced his vespers, and Aunt Miriam, Farmer Nathan's housekeeper, looked up and glanced in the fire-light, as she sat there in an old fashioned cap-border and spectacles, looking almost as pretty—so Uncle Peter thought—as she used to look when he first met her, sparking, and was wont to contemplate the evolutions of her fingers as they knit, which he considered what it was best to say next!

Nobody would have suspected Uncle Peter of any such romantic meditation, as he sat there setting out sock-ears and packages of thin beans on his round table, and labeling them with portentous deliberation! So little do we know what is passing in one another's minds!

There was a third person, sitting in the red hearth glow, however; a young man of about twenty-four years of age, with dark brown hair and eyes to correspond, who amused himself by tantalizing Aunt Miriam's gray kitten with the good old lady's ball of yarn—the animal, like all the rest of her sex, becoming more and more anxious for the woolly sphere the higher it was rolled.

"So you've really made up your mind to get married, Aunt Miriam, and bring that kitten?" said the old boy, with a constrained voice.

"Yes, Aunt Miriam; it isn't good for man to be alone, you know."

There was no silence again. James Arnett wounded and wounded the pan very unnecessarily; but Aunt Miriam only smiled complacently. Mrs. Fenner knit energetically on, with purse-up lips and a sorely perceptible shrug of the shoulders.

Aunt Miriam, I wish you could see Millicent," said the young man, at length.

"I can't say I've any desire to see your city young ladies," said Mrs. Fenner, sharply; "they're too fine spun for an old woman like me. White hands and plaster plaits! may be very grand—I dare say it is! but it don't suit my taste!"

"But, aunty, I'm sure you would like her. Come now, do be reasonable, and go with Squire Brownell's with me to-night; she is handsome, and as sweet as sugarcandy, and she would be so much gratified to see you!"

"Handsome, indeed! I'm sure she's subject," responded Aunt Miriam, primly. "Only I heered that Mr. Brownell had a bad stroke of the rheumatic, and I don't see how she gets along to wait on her newfangled grandfather!"

"Which is precisely why you are appointed chief-assistant pour Miriam," said the young man, smiling. "I shouldn't have thought from you that it makes me very unhappy to wedding your self-sacrificing disposition, and who has been a mother to me, and yet——"

"And with a gay parting nod to his aunt, he disappeared.

There he goes—as good a boy as ever lived," said Uncle Peter, looking after him, "and it's nice comes to an end, he'll continue to get round Miriam, I suppose, before we're aware, and we say yes to this affair at once; he's determined to marry Millicent, and he's got a mighty will!"

"I wish we'd never sent him to college in New York here it is, Peter," said the old lady, as she conducted Violante and myself to this part of the convent. "I'm sure since he's been there he's grown more and more set in his own ways."

"I wonder," she began, and then stopped. "I wonder, Peter, if—I mean sometimes, moments, "there can't be any harm in it, if I just call on Squire Brownell's with the boy, and see the orchard pink across to Squire Brownell's. Not that I'm thinking of it; but if I were to just take a peep in at the knight-room window as I pass by, I might see—I might see—I might see—in fact it is that he bewitched James so completely that I'm sure I should like to peep for it!"

Peter pondered a second or two longer, then rose hurriedly, extinguished the little candle that stood in a shining brass candlestick on the mantel, threw on his hat, and with the solemn monotony of uncle Peter's snores, and snuffling of the cat-gut, left the room, withdrew the fire in the kitchen door, and crept out into the stuiness of the night, and closed the door.

It was but a short distance, under the leafless apple trees, to the orchard that lay between the farm and the turnpike road. Aunt Miriam felt a little uneasiness in regard to his having gone through Squire Brownell's gate, and risks melancholy up the dark-green avenue of cedars above a path of moldy dimpled ribbon, and her hands hurried in a hasty, nervous fashion to her cheeks. In fact, in the operation which housekeepers call "setting a sponge," Aunt Miriam had made up her mind, in ordinary set, that Aunt Miriam said to herself, very quickly, "I'm not going to do anything of the kind, I wonder where she is!" when her doubts were suddenly set at rest by Mrs. Brownell's voice:

"Millicent, I wish you'd write out the receipt for that lemon pie you have learned the western horizon line—the monumental urn where rest the ashes of days, covered with roses and rubies and those baptized in tears. There we sound within, and the sweet, low voice of the sycamore tree chafing uneasily against the moss-covered roof, and the sharp, quick cry of the brown and scarlet birds of leaves that cuppeds every depth of the woods. The dead and red bricks of the hearth had been swept and the shone as if carved in coral, and the sunny tongues of flame danced over the dark, snapping gigantic logs like a band of elfin sprites. The ruddy glow illumined the apartment in which the reader had commenced his vespers, and Aunt Miriam, Farmer Nathan's housekeeper, looked up and glanced in the fire-light, as she sat there in an old fashioned cap-border and spectacles, looking almost as pretty—so Uncle Peter thought—as she used to look when he first met her, sparking, and was wont to contemplate the evolutions of her fingers as they knit, which he considered what it was best to say next!

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company. Now, I don't think it be good for man to be slimy alone."

"We are told that it is not," observed Harold Mansell, mildly.

"Are we, though? well, I never heard it afore. I wonder how I came to think on it? Poor Mark hadn't a bad heart; every female I used to give me a dinner, beside the shillin' a week he paid me for gals' s-errands for him—bein' him bread, none, good, each things. I shall miss him, if no one else does."

"You were in his confidence, then?"

"Well, I suppose I was," said the cripple, speaking very deliberately; "and yet he never told me anything *peticular*. All as I ever heard him say was, that he lived for parties, watched for it, and prayed for it; and somethin' about a duty tax perform to the Alien, whatever that might mean——"

"Yaul ye!" interrupted his hearer; "I understand all that. The motives of his singular conduct are perfectly well known to me."

"Are they, though?" exclaimed Jem, with a look of wonder. "Well, that relieves me of hornin', I suppose, not but I can read printin'—writin' is a little too hard for me; but I won't trouble you about that. Well, sir, this is how it happened—Mark felt as he was a-dyin', and I had promised never to leave him time come to stop with him, so I brought my birds with me; couldn't leave them, you know—they're a pleasant and feel for me like any Christians; and he gave me a key to let myself in and out with, 'cause parties knowin' on it. Day after day the old man used to sit in his grey coat by the window, and might just the same, a-watchin' for some one. I thought on he was out of his mind, but that's not one came at last."

Herald thought of his uncle and shuddered.

"I shall never forget it," continued the speaker; "—there! now too ill to leave his bed—he took his place and watched for him. I shall never forget the eyes when I told him there was some one in the yard, they showed few like a cat's in twilight—I hope it's everyway true to spare a Christian's eyes to a cat's,"—he added, parenthetically. "I could not tell who it was, but Mark seemed to know, and left his bed for the chair just in the gentleman—for it seemed for a gentleman, and not a thief—lifted the desk out of the hole at the foot of the tree. Then he took the shirts—I didn't know at the time a pistol—from behind the curtain, fired at him, and fell back dead."

"Strange history!" murmured our hero.

"Wasn't it, sir? But Mark was like his other men; he used to go through this rumblin' old house, hourly everything, searchin' for—"

"Indeed!"

"Hours, sir, most of the waile is holier."

This information explained much that had puzzled Harold Mansell as to the character which Mark had visited him in his chamber, and obtained a knowledge of the cripple's conversation with him when he first came to the bank.

"And did he have you not instructions?" he demanded.

The cripple regarded him doubtfully.

"I mean regarding the desk, which he evidently knew to be buried in the tree, and the event of his dying before——"

The speaker hesitated, not wishing to allude to his uncle by name.

"Before we come to dig for it," said Jem, finishing the question for him. "Well, sir, I won't tell you a lie about it—he did."

"I thought so."

"I hasn't; I tell you what they won't, not that I think there would be any harm in it, if they was to turned out; but I gave the old man my word, all I can say is, Mr. Imray wasn't a man to break it."

A gentle tap at the door of the room interrupted the conversation. Under ordinary circumstances Harold Mansell, in all probability, would have exclaimed "Come in," but a peculiar feeling rose upon him, and, instead of speaking, he walked across the chamber and opened it.

It proved to be the city missionary, a man of singular gifts and worth, who had called to talk to quite after Mark. He had been trained at no college, boarded of no university honors, and read few books on divinity, except the Bible, and knew little of the controversies which divide the great Christian community into churches or sects on though cart-loads of truth had never been written upon the subject. He went forward in the name of Him whose mission brought peace as well as salvation. His religion was love, and his creed: its formula, love; its fruit, good works.

"Our brother has passed away," he said, as his eyes rested on the body. "Let us hope that his sorrows have found rest. There is no further business here."

"Stay!" interrupted our hero, struck by the idea that the fervor and simple piety of the speaker might produce a beneficial effect upon the mind of his wretched relative; "go where we will there is work for us to do. My uncle you came to pray with has gone to his account; but there is one who needs your help more, and whom your ministry may prove useful—my uncle, Sir Jasper Mansell."

"He is one of the great and rich ones of the earth," answered the humble-minded missionary, modestly; "I am not learned enough to speak with him."

"Were he the possessor of a crown," said Harold, seriously, "not skilled in all human wisdom, he would need the soothing consolation from the prayers of the lowliest Christian."

A slight blush suffused the pale cheek of their visitor, as he took his head as he replied,—

"I will see him," he replied, "since you wish it. Lead me to him."

Our hero and the speaker quitted the room together, but the cripple in the corridor to watch by the dead.

When Lady Mansell and her daughters arrived at the banking-house, she expressed himself exceedingly astonished that they should not be at the parish, or the chaplain of the Goldsmith's Company, of which her husband was a member, had not been sent for. The idea of a missionary was like Sir Jasper's of the best bankers in the city of London, and a sincerest to boot, going out of the world without the assistance of a well-bonded, dignified clergyman, was something positively disequilibrio! She insisted on the immediate appearance of such a person, and sent for, appealing at the same time to Mr. Imray to support her decision.

"I have neither the power nor the will to interfere," observed her relative, coolly; "neither would I advise you. The person who is with your husband is said to be a person of great piety and worth—a true and simple-minded Christian."

"Christian!" repeated her ladyship, impatiently, and muttered something about her having no patience—a piece of information which did not in the least astonish Uncle Zac—he had long been aware of the fact.

"Mamma, Sir Georgiana, "only think how dreadful it will read in the papers: 'Sir Jasper Mansell was attended in his last moments by Mr. Ebenezer Cushion-thumper—or whatever the man's wrong nap is—the city missionary.' Just as if papa had died a pauper," she added, with a disdainful toss of the head.

"All are paupers in the sight of God !" quotelated Mr. Imray.

The above conversation took place in the dining-room, almost within hearing of the dying man, at whose bedside the humble messenger of peace and his daughter Jane were devoutly praying.

"It appears," observed Lady Mansell, haughtily, "that my wishes are not to be respected."

"The last wishes of my uncle are to be respected," said Harold, for the first time breaking silence, "and it is his desire that the gentleman should remain with him to the last."

His aunt and cousin regarded him with what they considered a look of withering contempt. But, armed with conscious rectitude, the speaker felt it not; it glanced harmless as the icy coat of mail, leaving its wearer unscathed.

"Thank heaven, I am not under his here," exclaimed the haughty woman. "Augustus will know how to act."

"He can do nothing," said Mr. Imray, "whilst Sir Jasper lives. He has placed everything in the hands of his nephew."

"Whilst he lives?" repeated his niece, emphatically.

"Our next depends upon his will," added her relative, mildly, although he felt disgusted at the want of temper and feeling they displayed on the occasion.

The news of the assassination of Sir Jasper Mansell spread like wildfire through the house, and, despite his reputed wealth, occasioned a decided run upon the bank. In the present, as at a former crisis, the substance of the retired speculator proved invaluable—his presence kept the counter-fit quite as much to quiet the panic in the vaults as the fear of the firm, which, in an ugly hour, had withdrawn their account, emanating the gloomy forebodings of the rest of their junior partners to pay it in again, just as the doors were about to close.

"I knew it could not last," whispered John Ledger, nudging Jem with unusual familiarity, "with such a friend to back us—we are Mr. Imray, Jem, as well as I am."

"I presume," observed Uncle Zac, in his usual quiet manner, "that I am at liberty to act as I think best in this matter?"

"Certainly, sir, as long as the absence of Captain Mansell, who would venture to dispute your opinion or wish?"

"Very well; and the old man, "you will refuse taking the money."

John Ledger positively looked aghast. Refuse an account of eighty thousand pounds! "Is the gentleman out of his senses, or is the world out of his senses?"

"Upon my word, sir," he faltered out at last.

"It is past the hour," replied Mr. Imray, coolly, "and we do not require their money."

From that moment the refusal became known to the city, the panic ceased, and the house of Mansell stood as high as before.

Such is the omnipotence of wealth!

Evening was already drawing in when a chaise and four, the horses covered with foam, drove up to the banking-house, and deposited Sir Captain Mansell alighted. His first interview was with his nephew and Georgiana, whose feelings would not allow them to witness the last struggles of the dying man. Then he was shown to their sensitive natures. All that could be urged to soothing the last moments of the hardened jealouser of their weak-minded relative was poured into his credulous ears, till his countenance became livid and distorted with passion.

"It is time you came to defend your own rights, sir," said Lady Mansell, "since you have served her ladyship, officially; 'your poor father has been grossly imposed upon in his last will. I have ascertained that fact from one of the gentlemen who witnessed it. Augustus—"

"Another will?" repeated her son, bitterly.

"Papa is half mad," said his sister; "they have forced some low, disgusting preacher upon him, who has frightened him out of his wits with his fanatical ravings. It is all Harold's doing!"

"And my uncle countenances him," ejaculated the brother.

"I shall put an end at once to these proceedings," replied Augustus, pale with ill-suppressed passion; "we are the heads of the family, and the son possess the right to command here."

"Very properly," observed Georgiana.

"Where is Jem?"

"He, they have quite drawn her into their party," answered his sister, spitefully. "You cannot be surprised, mamma, at anything that weak her intellects are."

Captain Mansell rose from his chair, and retreated, with a determined air, towards the chamber. As his hand touched the door, the latter feeling—or, rather, a sense of propriety—overcame her, and she said, with a degree of reason as to banish all trace of it from his countenance,

The place to which he called it was not for distant—it entered the room, and paused.

His hypocrisy mattered but little, for his father expired just as he entered the room, and without recognising him.

Sir Jasper was the repentance of the guilty ones, though tardy, was complete.

Our hero felt that, in presence of the dead, all ill feeling should cease, and resolved, if he ought to cease, and, rising from his knees, he advanced to offer him his hand.

It was haughtily and insultingly rejected.

"Augustus, my brother," said Sir Jasper, addressed by her turn, "you know not what you do! Harold has been our good benefactor—our friend—his monitor and step."

"I have no friend or father," replied her brother, coldly.

"You are ungrateful," exclaimed the excited girl; "believe me, you are ungrateful. You know not how much you have injured him by your hatred."

When aware of their extent I shall be prepared to acknowledge them," observed the supercilious gentleman. "Meantime, I must request Mr. Harold Mansell to leave my house; where things be my own or amount of salary that is due to him, shall be arranged."

He must first place his seal upon the last sheet which contains his uncle's will and other papers," said Mr. Imray, who entered the chamber with the gentleman, accompanied by the speaker. "Previous to his death, Sir Jasper executed a deed placing them in his custody."

"Which could only be valid during my late father's life," said Augustus, with a supercilious smile. "Mr. Harold Mansell cannot act upon it."

"How so?"

"He is not yet of age."

"Have you no respect, young man, for your dead father's will?" exclaimed Lady Mansell.

"I must attend to my own interests and those of my family, ma'am."

"This is terrible, Augustus!" exclaimed our hero, gravely shocked at hearing just in a dispute to the chamber of death.

"Indeed me—my conduct and motives."

"Augustus!" repeated the new baronet. "Sir Augustus, when you address the head of the family, to which you are a stranger. As for your conduct and motives, they are equally known to me. I am surprised," he continued, addressing himself to the deputies, "that you, sir, should encourage by your favor the insolences of this upstart."

"Silence, Harold," said Uncle Zac. "Let me answer for you. The rank you are so proud of is dishonored by having been borne by the murderer of Clement Chambers," he added, turning to the speaker. "Your cousin possesses the proofs, which, but for his tact and prudence, must have been made public. Intending to serve you, you are right in one assertion. Harold cannot act, as he is a minor. I can."

"Yes, Mr. Imray!"

"As sole executor to your late father's will," continued the old man, drawing it from his pocket. "I am no longer who drew up information that you have no right over the personal estate, which is entailed on me. I therefore order you to leave this house, unless you prefer to remain as my guest, or compelling me to call in the assistance of the police to support my authority."

"Uncle—my dear uncle!" exclaimed the excited fellow himself, "perhaps I have been, as you say, a little impetuous. Allow me to speak with you in private."

"No."

"Will he by my mother, then?"

"No."

"Your own sister?"

"No," repeated Zac, still more resolutely than before. "Whatever the conditions of your uncle's will may be, Augustus, I believe you were dictated by repudiance, and deeply as his conduct has grieved me, I cannot have cancelled out. As a compromise," he added, "I have no objection to your glancing over and so arrive at some upon the iron safe and strong room till the will is read."

With this stipulation Sir Augustus Mansell, affecting to be perfectly satisfied with the arrangement, hastily left the room, and Harold, with a sad and firmly of her disposition. Half and as the creature was at beginning, it had awaken forth with redoubled violence.

"If he were but a gentleman," observed Wilton, hesitatingly.

"Let me have your coat," suggested his companion.

"And you pause," replied the former. "Look you," continued the speaker, "here are no liveried servant nor master; but two men in presence of the dead—gentlemen, I hope, by courtesy at least."

"With all my heart," said the ruffian, affecting a manner he was very far from feeling.

The speakers removed their coats, which they held under their arms, and, with a look of defiance, and advanced slowly towards her. Hitherto, with eye, the old man was at a disadvantage compared with his companion, who had the light behind him. But, as they approached, the more terrific became the growls of the beast, who was evidently preparing herself for a spring.

"Hold!" cried Wilton, prudently drawing back.

The action came too late, for that same instant the creature bounded through the air, fix her claws in the shoulder of the man, and slightly upon his shoulders.

"Help! help!" the cowl the cowl" shouted his employer, retreating still farther from him.

"Help! help!" he shrieked.

The animal was not only too cowardly to interfere, but began to think of the advantage that might be drawn from the struggle of his keeper. It would be an awkward witness to his past life and, by the way, and a flaming advertisement to the future exhibition of its menagerie.

"Help, I tell you, O God!"

These were the last words uttered by Peter, for the fangs of the tawny lioness were by this time sheathed in his throat, separating the jugular vein, and causing death. Both the ruffians, the brute clinging tenaciously to his victim.

The present situation a succession of convulsive heavings of the body followed the fall, then a few deep groans, and all was over.

The survivor, who stood contemplating the hideous spectacle at a prudent distance, thought that he knew whereabouts a sight more interesting, the elongated body of the loupgarou drawing from the carcass of the keeper like a funnel-head. For nearly an hour he remained motionless, then the beast, which had remained as motionless as itself, he ventured to approach somewhat nearer.

The coast was clear, the animal appeared, as continued, with a satisfied appetite, to play with its victim, and the body of the keeper was gone.

Gradually he continued to advance, till a low but commanding the yawning of an enormous cat, warned him that she was still dangerous.

"Come, Wilton," said his companion, "I see the old man's coat and vest."

"What you do with ZITA?" she demanded, with a look of anxiety.

"Run away."

"Run away!"

"I tell you that she has, and taken the keeper's body with her. Would I had never seen either of them! But this is no time for explanations; we must make off, and that quickly."

"Berry well, me help you now," replied the negress; "but you tell me eberything by-an-by."

Taking the blanket from one of the boys, and the key to the long Indian knife she always carried in her girdle, the speaker crept cautiously towards the cage, and, opening the door, with eyes firmly fixed upon her all the while. Although very hungry was appeased, the boundless activity did not like being disturbed; possibly, the very sight must awaken fears of her, for she uttered one of her usual growls, and began to lash her sides with her tail.

"Be cautious!" shouted Wilton.

The animal turned round with a second spring, but the negress was too quick for her.. With a dexterous jerk, she contrived to throw the blanket over its head. Once deprived of light, the creature became tractable again. Wilton and the boys both sprang upon her, and secured her with cords, but without receiving a single fresh severe scratches, though.

"Well done," exclaimed Soakey, joyously. "Cuss quiet now. Pity you such great animals, massa; why for you no help old Peter?"

To this question the owners of the menagerie made no reply.

"Where you, Zita. Me tink you with him dead?"

"Ridiculous!"

"It looks too much for you. Ha! ha! black gal not such fool as she look!"

Delighted with her exploit, and her suggestion as to the motive of Wilton's evacuation, the speaker laughed and danced wildly with mirth, till the recollection of Zita returned, when she once more sullenly demanded what he had done with her.

"I told you she had run away."

"And you tell me great many lies before, and you tell me many lies again," said the girl, regarding him suspiciously; "me know, you lab her. But me tink she really run away, for when me make dis morning me find de pretty ting on me pallet."

She held forth a slender chain of gold, from el ment as a thread, evidently of Indian workmanship, and just long enough to have been worn round the neck or child.

Wilton changed color at the sight of it.

"Give it me!" he exclaimed.

"Gib it you! what for?" replied Soakey. "Me not tink you will run for dat. No, no, me keep it for sake of Zitta."

"It is mine."

"But berry good joke."

"I tell you that it is, the girl must have stolen it from me."

"But better joke still, Massa Wilton; you no make me believe dat. Zitta nebber steal anything except heart, your bad heart, but not worth de keepin'."

"If you don't let it go," said the ruffian, who evidently had some strong motive for possessing himself of the trinket.

"Me no tell it," said the negress; "and you no lab it; p'raps me neber see Massa Zitta again and me keep it in link of me."

Wilton looked very much as if he would like to have tried force to obtain it; but the vast strength and fierceness temper, when roused, of the powerful negress, made him to which, he had no longer Peter to assist him.

The youngest of the boys, who had been sent for a cart to remove the body of the keeper and the spoils secured by the depredators, returned before he could make up his mind what steps to take. When he had positively seen it, he, strange as it may appear, first simple chain, and the little ornate it gold pendant from it. This was a talisman on which his life depended. He secretly resolved to steal it should he fail. We see whether Fortune enabled him to keep his word.

Concealing it in the pocket of his jacket, that it led to, and caring but little, so it increased the distance between himself and their pursuers, the youthful fugitives pursued their flight till the borders of Columbus were safely passed, when, at Ellis's inquiries, they discontinued from their ponies.

"Now we have them here," she observed, "and continue our journey on foot."

Tellin suggested the advantage of stalling themselves still farther of their services. The proposition was agreed to, and carried out. They had a nervous dislike of mingling with his fellow-creatures on regular terms, but a dreadful person excited too much attention.

"Me tink," said Soakey, "dat you girl, "we have come a ugly road, and ni t hard pace."

"I have endured worse," replied Zita, who is better latted to urge.

"Berry," she added, "they are not ours; and though justly authorised to use them to relieve our fatigue, we have no right to retain for more convenience."

Zita's words were unpleased, and the ponies were left to find their way back, or wander over the Columbus as scribed night about.

For nearly an hour the singularly assorted party continued to pursue their way on foot, each meditating on the future before them. One was perfectly inexperienced in the world—the other had passed through many scenes in life; they proceeded, the country gradually lost that wild and desolate character resembling the waste they had so lately passed, and exclamations of admiration burst from the lips of the negress at the delicate primrose growing in the hedges.

Soakey was the silence that he stood stopped to gather them.

"Me love dem kind of flowers," observed Tellin.

"I love them dearly," she replied. "To me they are more than flowers—they are friends, and I can acutely delighted at finding them now."

"Why?"

"Can you not guess?"

"No."

"Then I will tell you," said the simple-minded girl. "To me they are a proof that the Providence takes an especial care of the poor. The rich have their gardens filled with the choicest plants, laborers to dig and attend them——"

"Still I do not exactly comprehend you."

"Could there be for poor," continued Zita, "if plants these gardens by the roadside, in the green lanes, and on the mountains? Surely it is a blessing for our pleasure," she continued, "he will not forget the humblest of his creatures in the hour of trust in him."

Tellin looked upon her with surprise and admiration. During his illness and sollitude he had never reflected but the thought suggested by the girl.

"Perhaps you are laughing at me," observed the speaker, with a smile.

"Indeed I am not," repeated, "on the contrary, you have given me a lesson, one which I shall most easily forget. I am a poor ignorant girl in the eye of my existence, I shall love and prize the simplest flowers."

Tellin stepped from the road side, and walking up to the fair acquaintance a primrose, which he found in the hedgerows of all seasons.

Zita appeared pleased at the act—and once more they pursued their journey.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

SAVED HIM.

Two young men went on an excursion in the country. One day as they were crossing a mountain stream on a decayed bridge, the bridge on one gave way. He was kept from falling some by the fact that his companion was standing ahead of his friend.

They grew old together in the same city. He who had been saved, continued to cherish a deep sense of obligation to him who had saved him.

Young men should weed their friends. Many a young men are very thoughtless. They say and do things unbecoming gentlemen, and are an unhappy impression made upon the minds of others, and by the injury done to their own characters. The more thoughtful friend can often feel that he is bound to say to his friend, Be on your guard!

Many have been saved from future disgrace. The world is full of such examples. The young man enters life with a warm, generous, confiding heart. He finds companions to his taste. He finds that vices are selfish and treacherous. He finds himself to pure from contact, credulity to extreme distrust. He is liable to regard a professed friend as a knowledge of the world.

A friend of some experience may save him. He can aid him to distinguish between the true and the false, between friends and flatterers. He can show him that there are unselfish, generous, trustworthy men.

He can save him from improper habits. He may see the danger to which he is exposed from the associations which he has formed, before the mischief has been done. He can utter a word of caution, or give the kind suggestion which will extend the bind of influence, and keep him from falling.

A CHANCE.

A BALTIMORE CURIOSITY.—A Yankee speculator, who had immense tracts of land for sale in the Far West, used frequently to say, that a gentlemen who was travelling there saw a very old man sitting at the door of a log cabin, weeping bitterly. "My friend," inquired the gentleman, "what is the matter with you?" "Why," replied the old man, "daddy just gave me a awful licking, cos I wouldn't cook gumdaddy to sleep." The gentleman rode off, fully satisfied with the simplicity and healthiness of the district, to produce such unparalleled instances of longevity.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

GONE.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

On the verge of womanhood,
Fair as angels in their mood,
Gentle, beautiful and good,

Here she perished day by day,
Slow with sunker tooth, decay
Left the lineaments of life away.

How I loved her, how I wept,
While the death-fire, darkening, crept
Over those sweet eyes, till they slept.

Low I bowed upon my knee,
Kissed her forehead, cried to me,
"Wherefore grant thou every?"

And a low voice seemed to say,
"Call me never if you may,
Happier I than you can be."

Then life's sorrow I desisted;
This is sacred time, love, I cried,
Well it is that thou hast died.

Never will life's toy touch
Child-like, thine divinest of your youth,
Girlish glee to woman's ruth.

Never will thy heart be stirred
With the cold, the cruel word,
Which so often here is heard.

Gone from change, from love's decay;
Here will thy rest long stay,
Once he loved as fondly? Nay.

Never to be left to sorrow
Telling with life's task alone,
That which made life's record all Gone.

No, I will not call thee back,
To see thy soul's fire broken dark,
Stained upon life's every track.

How I used thy fond eyes' rays;
To light again my darkened ways,
Only God can tell to-day.

Yet I weep not o'er your day,
Happier than that I who stay.

HUNTING THE WALRUS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The following is the narration of a gentleman who does not wish his name made public.

Some years ago I accepted the invitation of a friend to accompany him on a voyage to the frozen regions of Spitsbergen, for the purpose of hunting seal and walrus, he declaring that the sport was at least as exciting as to the north, and he had hunted in the forests of Africa, in the jungles of Asia, among the mountains of Europe and on the prairies of America.

I gave over the voyage, always an unpleasant thing to me, and more so in sailing to the dreary regions of eternal ice, and simply said that I had reached our hunting locality about the first of June, and immediately set about the business that had in hand.

The walrus—or sea-elephant, as it is more properly termed—is an amphibious, carnivorous mammal, as large and even larger than an ox about the body, from fifteen to twenty feet in length, is covered with short, yellowish hair, has a small head, somewhat like a human in appearance, with fierce-looking eyes, savage bristles about the nose, and white, ivory tusks that project downwards to an average length of four feet. It swims in large droves, in twenty fathoms water in depth—breathes air, which it sucks in and blows out something like a whale—feeds upon seal-worms, star-fish, shrimps, clams, cockles and sea-weed—the latter, the leaf of the cocoa-nut with its tanks in search of food, and some fossil bed among on fish eaten of floating by.

In truth, it is while occupying these cakes of ice that the walrus is generally discovered by the look-out from the mast-head of the crushing vessel, who immediately communicates the fact to the crew in waiting, when one or more boats, as the case may be, at once put off for the scene of slaughter.

These boats are peculiarly constructed, being some twenty-one feet in length, with low, flat boats, bow-shaped at both ends, and with keel depressed in the centre, so that they may be quickly turned as if on a pivot. A boat of this size is manned by five men, all of whom row the stanroman facing the bow, and using oars instead of a rudder. On approaching a drove of walruses or seals, the harpooner stands in the bow, his weapon poised and attached to the coil of rope fifteen fathoms long, this length by the combined sufficient security against the danger of the animal diving suddenly after being struck. Simultaneous another of the party stands ready with a rifle, and if it is found that the boat cannot approach near enough for the harpooner to strike, he selects a victim and fires. The greatest objection to this mode of killing either a seal or a walrus is, that the animal often eludes the grasp of the hunter even after being mortally wounded; for if he creeps off into the water and shot dead, its specific gravity will carry it to the bottom before a boat can reach the spot; and if on a cake of ice, and not absolutely shot dead, he will plunge into the sea and escape. The only spot in the huge walrus where a rifle ball will instantly terminate life, is the brain; and as this occupies a space at the back of the head not larger than your fist, and as the boat is rocking and the ice floating and tilting, the difficulty of hitting such a mark at an uncertain distance will readily be perceived.

The most exciting sport is what is termed *lancing*, and the manner of it this. The boat generally move in herds, and it is a common thing to lay a bag for the seal, the floating ice so perfectly packed and jammed with them that one overlays another like bags in a rag. In this manner can thousands be found asleep, but with some of their number on the watch for danger. When aroused by an alarm, as is frequently the case on the approach of a boat, they will hurriedly tumble off into the water with a dull, wild sort of such a roaring, bellowing, blowing, snorting and splashing as would make a novice tremble. Many will all dive together and make off for some safer location. Now pulled for under with the boat in the direction they take, each man provided with all his strength and skill, so as to be near enough when they rise for air to send the harpoon into the head or body of the ball, who will not only tow the boat with great velocity, but will utter such sounds of fear and distress as will bring all his comrades around to his defence. Then look out for fun! for these monsters, when they do attack, are both formidable and powerful; and should the line become entangled in playing out, or some during follow get his trades over the gunwale, the boat will possibly be upset, and you will have reason to thank God if you ever see the inside of it again.

I had not been many days engaged in this sport, when an accident of this kind happened to us. Our harpooner had secured a *finger*, as the call of the walrus is termed, and the noise, the sing, philistine cries of the little fellow rendered not only the mother perfectly frantic with fury, but the whole herd also; and as they gathered about us, leaping half out of the water, bellowing like sea-lions, perfect fiends, roaring, bellowing and gnashing their teeth, their swerving, grinning faces, with their piercing, bloodshot eyes, resembling what the mind conceives of demons of the infernal regions, I shuddered at the horrible sight and secretly whisked myself a hundred leagues away. Suddenly, while we were all busy with our harpoons, spears and boat-hooks, slaying both for gain and self-defence, I heard a terrible crash, a wild shriek, and found myself struggling in the icy water, in the very midst of the maddened herd. Our boat had been leaped upon by an old bull, some ten, and each, and here we were in the water, wholly unarmed and defenceless, at the mercy of those infuriated beasts, not another boat in sight, and our vessel distant at least three English miles. Can you conceive a more horrible situation?

Though taken completely by surprise, and terribly frightened, as I am free to admit, I fortunately retained sufficient presence of mind to make the best effort possible for my life. There was an ice-floe within two hundred yards, and my only hope was to reach that. I struck out vigorously, and, though a remarkably fast swimmer, I was pursued by two, who came on with a sneer.

"Ah! God help us!" he ejaculated, looking back over his shoulder.

The next moment, to my utter horror, I saw him seized by a huge walrus and dragged under the water. He threw up his hands as he went down, and uttered a cry of such mental and physical agony as I never forgot. I was powerless to pass over the spot where he disappeared, and he I did it I should be in much danger from the blood. The whole scene, with this for a climax, sickened and made me faint; but, unconsciously, a similar fate might be mine at any moment, I felt my strength renewed by my fears, and pulled forward with all my might.

Chilled to the very bone and nearly exhausted, I had almost reached the floating ice—upon which I hoped for temporary rest, and escape from the brutal monsters—when I heard a shout, and, sequently perish—when suddenly a huge beast appeared beside me, and with a mighty bound I was seized and dragged under myself. I remember going down, and, when I recovered, I found myself on my oars, a sense of suffocation, and a sort of consciousness that all were gone. A short period of oblivion must have followed, for my next recollection is of floundering in the water some side of a boat, of seeing human figures above me like so many shadows, and hearing human voices in quick, excited tones. Then a period of strange confusion followed, during which I seemed to be roughly handled, but whether by friends or foes I could not tell, and then came another period of oblivion.

When I again returned to consciousness, I found myself lying on the floor of the cabin, a roaring fire, the warmth of which felt very grateful. Five of the men were there, and were engaged close beside me. I looked up wonderingly in their faces, and recognized them as my own. In reply they briefly informed me of all that had occurred—how I had been rescued by the boat nearest our boat was stove, another of our boats was just rounding the angle of the ice-floe, about a quarter of a mile distant; and precisely as our misfortune, the crew of this boat answered to our sentence. Two of my four companions had been killed, and three were injured. and I had been picked up in an exhausted state, and quite insensible. Of course, I felt grateful by a new-widow, whose tasks had given me much sympathy, and for whose welfare I was inspired me. Fearing that I might perish should they attempt to row back to the vessel at once, they had made sail for it, and were then in sight with some driftwood found on the beach, had made a rousing fire in the cabin. The captain me in charge of my rescued companions, who also needed the fire, and the warmth of human circulation, the others had put back to the scene of the disaster, and recovered the mutilated night of the floating wreck, and perhaps the bodies of the dead.

In about half an hour the boat returned, with three of our four boats in tow. Provisions, guns, hooks and other articles, but without the remains of the two unfortunate seamen, who had disappeared forever. By this time I was able to get up, and congratulate myself on my wonderful escape, though much in the manner I should have rejoiced had one of them in their stead been lost parse. I saw the terrible affair had not made the same impression on them as on me—that with him it was a thing of every-day occurrence in the way of business which might be looked for and provided against, and I thought that the loss of the boat and the walruses I entered should not be permitted to affect the their two comrades. And yet these were not men devoid of feeling, for their subsequent and keener sensibilities had been blunted by a life of constant hardship, exposure and peril.

"Yo-ho! a bear on the ice!" was the exciting cry which aroused me from my bed that night, and instantly to fix it upon sport and profit; and every one bounded the crew for their boats. In less than a minute was plowing the glassy waters and bending before us, in the calm, clear night, which the naked eye could barely perceive a peculiar speck, but which the telescope of the captain revealed to be a large polar bear.

There white bears of the Northern Ocean prey upon the seal and walrus, and are in turn upon the prey of the seal and walrus hunters, being valuable for their furs, and the flesh, which, when having probably no particular choice between the flesh of the bear and that of the walrus, is by silent or expressive, or perhaps both, teeches thinks that the former is the sweeter and more in the safest to snatch—for among a herd of the latter he may be torn to pieces by a score of friends, relations, or companions have been beforehand with him. Besides, the bear, if left to the seal, he no sooner sees Monsieur Phoca crawling upon the edge of the ice, than he creeps up, thus he plunges into the water and swims with all his might, and when he has approached near enough to keep to the leeward, to show only a small portion of his head, and to dive the under if he fancies his prey observing him. In this manner, if he can get close up under the edge of the ice without being perceived, and with such a roaring, bellowing, blowing, snorting and splashing as would make a novice tremble, he will all dive together and make off for some safer location. Now pulled for under with the boat in the direction they take, each man provided with all his strength and skill, so as to be near enough when they rise for air to send the harpoon into the head or body of the ball, who will not only tow the boat with great velocity, but will utter such sounds of fear and distress as will bring all his comrades around to his defence. Then look out for fun! for these monsters, when they do attack, are both formidable and powerful; and should the line become entangled in playing out, or some during follow get his trades over the gunwale, the boat will possibly be upset, and you will have reason to thank God if you ever see the inside of it again.

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WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE GODS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Full often I had heard it said,
As something quite unentreverted,
"The gods are dead!"
And high Olympus is deserted!"
And so, while thinking of the gods,
I made, one night, an explanation,
(In fact or fancy—where's the odds?)
To suit the unknown information.

I found—to make a true report,
As if I were a Congressional—
They all had left the upper court,
And settled in Manhattan city!
Where now they live, as best they may,
Quite unsuspected of their neighbors,
And in a humbler style than they
Repeat their old Olympic labors.

Mr. Jupiter, for such designs
They come and go through wooden portals,
Is the less boastful of his signs,
Seem nothing more than common mortals:
For mortal-like they're clad and fed,
And, still to blend the sharp inspector,
Eat, not ambrosia, but instead,
And sighing—everything but nectar.

Great Jove, who wore the kingly crown,
And used to wield the forked lightning,
As if the sky was coming down,
Or all the Titans, in addition,—
Is now a sorry physique wight,
Content to make short journeyings wonder,
And earn some shillings every night,
By coining many thousand dollars.

Apollo, who in better times
Was poet-laureate of the elysium,
And sighed and wrote delicious rhymes,
Was chief among the court physicians.
Now cures depend on powders, not
With certain "medicated vapors,"
And still go in an open cart,
Makes verses for the Sunday papers.

Minerva, famous in her day
For "all the learning often shocking
The gods by over-much display
Of what pig science is worth stocking,—
Now deals in books of ancient kind;
Talks glibly about works of art,
And, to indulge her warlike mind,
Writes very savage critiques.

And Venus, who on Ida's seat,
In myrtle groves her charms paraded,
Displays her loves in Grand street,
And seems, indeed, a little faded;
She's dealing in the precious wares
Of a new-wives, whose tasks had given me much sympathy for her,
Fearing that I might perish should they attempt to row back to the vessel at once, they had made sail for it, and were then in sight with some driftwood found on the beach, had made a rousing fire in the cabin. The captain me in charge of my rescued companions, who also needed the fire, and the warmth of human circulation, the others had put back to the scene of the disaster, and recovered the mutilated night of the floating wreck, and perhaps the bodies of the dead.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. W.—This correspondent informs us that she is a young lady of fifteen, and that she has been asked out to ride in a sleigh, but is afraid to go, as she is subject to vertigo that, so we infer, has to do with being well fed. Why do not you, then, eat less? Or, if you cannot, why do not you ride in a sleigh and trust to your luck? Vertigo is a thing that will not be cured by a sleigh-ride, but by eating less. Suppose a lady would be very homely without paint, but by using it is called the handsomest lady in the town in which she resides, would you blame her for using it? Where would be the harm? In answer to your first question, we will say that the reason why we "seem to think painting so vulgar," &c., undoubtedly is because the public expression expressed our belief to that effect. Your second question, as to why "all the ladies use powder," &c., we have no way of answering except by asking another, namely, Do they?

Miss Lizzie.—We do not know where we do not. You are not logical. You seem to know "why all the ladies seem to think it vulgar to use paint?" and in the next sentence of your note you in effect declare that you do not think it vulgar. Do you wish us to infer that you are not a lady? Now, as to the rule of that lady? *You would be very homely without paint*, but by using it is called the handsomest lady in the town in which she resides," &c., do you mean to say that "paint" is her natural complexion, and that she never allows herself to be seen unpainted? What do our lady readers say in regard to this appeal on behalf of a homely woman who uses so much triturgia with paint? We should like to hear from them on the question.

Nonsolemn.—Send your ms have never seen made, and have never wondered, as you have, how they can be made so cheap. Not to our wonder diminished when we read the following paragraph in the last issue of the *Scientific American*, respecting, by the aid of which every part of the process is either done with great rapidity, or upon a large number at once. The process is said to be as follows: "The steel is rolled into sheets of the thickness of a pen. In These sheets are cut blanks of the form of the pen, and bathed bread. 6. The strips are annealed, 1. e. softened by making them very hot, and letting them cool very slowly. 4. They are cleaned, and rolled smooth again. 5. The strips, by means of a punching machine, have the slits pierce large enough for pens. 6. The hole which forms the eye of the pen is punched. 7. The pens are made as to cut away the superfluous metal. 8. The maker's name is stamped on the pens. 9. The pens are hardened by the final form, which is also done by the stamp. 10. The pens are bathed hot acid, and similarly cooled in oil, which restores them to the hardness of steel. 11. They are ground of the slit. 12. They are polished in a revolving barrel containing steel. 13. The pens are separated by the slit is made by stamping. 15. They are colored, blown or tinge by subjecting them to the flame of a spirit-lamp. 16. They are glossed by immersing them in a solution of gum-arabic. 17. They are counted and put into little boxes. These processes are now performed with such rapidity and so as to make pens, that steel pens can be bought in Sheffield, by wholesale, as cheap as the common quill pens can be made by hand."

Mrs. Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Dr. Nichols, Mrs. Dr. Lozier, Miss Dr. Bell.—Dr. Johnson is the title to the Monarch of Rasselas, and Dr. Nichols is the husband of the late Mrs. Dr. Nichols, and Dr. Lozier is the husband of the late Mrs. Dr. Lozier, and Dr. Bell is the husband of the late Mrs. Dr. Bell. The ladies are all dead, and the gentlemen are living. Is the distinction clear?

Mrs. Dr. Nichols was the wife of Dr. Nichols, Act III. Sc. 1. Dr. Johnson was the title to the Monarch of Rasselas, and Dr. Nichols is the husband of the late Mrs. Dr. Nichols, and Dr. Lozier is the husband of the late Mrs. Dr. Lozier, and Dr. Bell is the husband of the late Mrs. Dr. Bell. The ladies are all dead, and the gentlemen are living. Is the distinction clear?

There have been a thousand times admired, and it is a common remark, that the Bible contains all that if you ask us whether we believe Isaac's assertion, we answer, emphatically, no. God does not call the Bible the jewel of the soul. *That would be truly said only of a silver-mounted pistol.* What The Bible contains in addition to the same pity is far more correct: "Reputation is an idle and false imposition, often won without merit, and lost without demerit." It is a fine study of all the Bible and the saints. Casting away their idols, they themselves to the living God, to whom they rendered their joyful conversion, adopted the shamesul as their emblem and banner, and, in a word, made it a glorious and noble thing to be known as the name other ancient stories.

Hamford.—No one can know the proportion of property burned in city and country office. An insurance account of country property is insured in New York, and it keeps account of the property in the country insurance offices, particularly in those of Connecticut. In the city of New York there are more than one hundred and fifty insurance companies, several of which, however, are branch offices of companies in Boston, Hartford, and other cities of the United States. Any considerable property in the country is insured in some of the New York companies, but we think your remarks unfounded. The Insurance Companies are twenty-three in number, and their capital amounts to about twenty-three millions of dollars.

Cuthbert.—We are informed that the wages of soldiers in the army of the United States are not sufficient to enable them to lay by much money, and that they generally spend a day. Our informant says that the sharpers of cards, clothing, and other articles make their rate of wages fully equal to the much higher pay of our sailors.

Anonymous.—It was the enthusiasm of her Hungarian friends that caused the death of Queen Mary, of Hungary. One day after she had eloquently reminded them of their ancient chivalry, and promised to lead them their trials swords and exclaimed, "Let us die for our queen, Maria Theresa!"

Constantia.—While you cannot marry the one you love, you are certainly not obliged to marry another. Your wish to please any friend, who threatens you in case of refusal, if not one worthy of you, is not a reason for matter what time you in the face to the way of honest and honorable love, you are not to marry to your right.

Charmeda.—Do we think it proper for a young lady to go to a ball with a gentleman who is not a near relation of her lover, who has particularly requested her not to go? Why, no, we do not think it proper, and we would not advise it. It is incapable of love for any man.

Curious.—The author is unknown to us of the epigram:

"Treason does never prosper: what's the reason?
Why when it prospers, none dare call it treason."

We have seen it in print several times, and heard it quoted, but cannot find it credited to any author.

Greenhorn.—Is it proper for a young lady to ask a gentleman who is starting for the war, to write to her? That depends upon the character of the young lady, and the degree of intimacy between the parties. We cannot decide as general a question.

Inquirer.—At a time like this, it were the height of absurdity to attempt to foretell the future. The events of our era of all things the most uncertain. A single week may change the whole aspect of affairs.

Inquirer.—How should a gentleman offer a lady his hand? By speaking to the lady, when and inclining his head toward her, while a sweet smile gently steals over his features.

Reader.—We certainly think that a young lady should not accept and wear a second engagement ring from a "second gentleman" before pulling off the first.

Augusta.—This correspondent, who wrote to a factory in Massachusetts, says the following: "Is it proper for a young lady to go to factory operations to learn to work fifteen hours a day?" We have seldom received a question with more pleasure than we do this, because it touches a subject that is near our heart, namely, the welfare of the working-man and women of these states. We would say to our correspondent, first, that the present is an exceptional time, when many factories are obliged to run an extra number of hours in order to supply the wants of the United States and Canada. For such a purpose as that a company would be justified in asking the operatives to work fifteen hours a day, and, indeed, in subscribing to their books. But in ordinary times fifteen hours a day is too much for any one to work, and we do not believe that a single factory-girl enjoys working in one Sundays and in the evenings. The Sunday and the evening are the only times that the factory-girl, or factory operative, may bestow in the course of years, a well-informed, polite and cultured being, equal in all noble qualities to the best people in the class supposed to enjoy the greatest advantages in life. Such a society was consumed in work—if the operative comes home late at night, tired out and discouraged, and feels compelled to sleep and lounge away half the Sunday in order to recuperate himself for another week's work, there is no end to all hope of improvement. He might as well be dead, almost, for what is the object of living. It is best to change, instruct, purify and exalt that part of us which is immortal, and which is to live forever, and not to be content with it for a short period, and then be only clothing of stores, shops and factories. We want no more factory-girls who have a circular saw in their heads, and his wife an accomplished, healthy, and high-minded lady. Such women are to be found in our land. And we know it is possible.

Gertrude.—Cuneus are spiked by driving into the touch-hole an exceedingly hard steel spike with a point like a cone for obtaining a firm hold after driving it in as far as it will go, the spike is broken short off, and the touch-hole rendered by ramming into the aperture ball. This ball is then wedged into the bottom of the gun by a sharp blow from the butt of another musket, and thrown between it and the gun. As this is a work of some ability, and requires a steady hand, it is not to be undertaken by a novice. The touch-hole is declined and prepared for the bullets in a manner. Some of the new bullets have spirals at the end, by which they, when fired, obtain a rotation as the end of the spike gets through. Others are made with a hollow in the base, so as to make it easier to more difficult to drive them out. In the absence of proper bullets, a musket may be loaded